

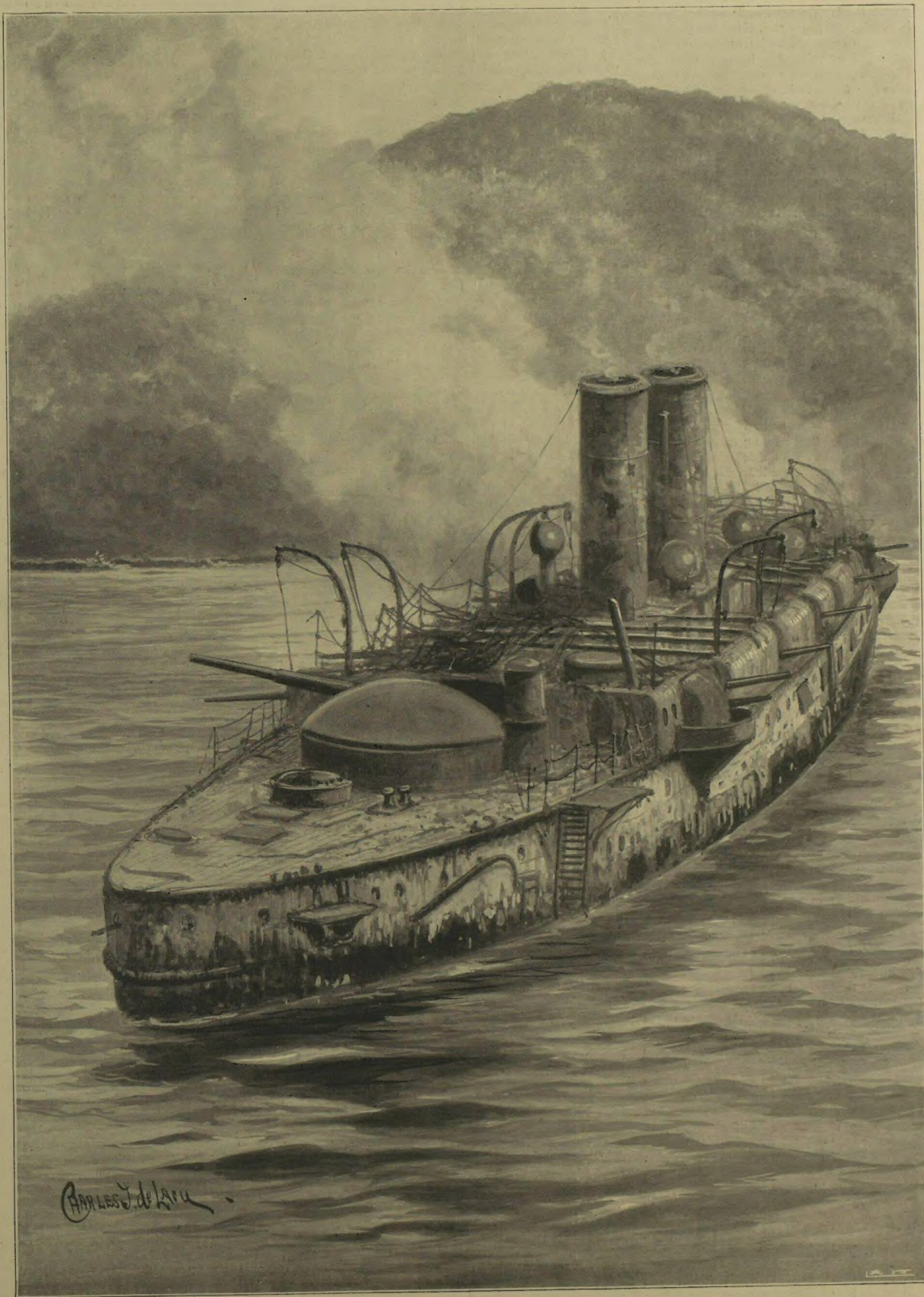
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.
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THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR: THE SPANISH WAR-VESSEL "OQUENDO" AS SHE APPEARED AFTER A THIRTEEN MINUTES' ENGAGEMENT.
The "Oquendo" was destroyed on July 3, outside Santiago. The curious appearance of the hull is due to the burnt paint, which crumbled to a white ash under the force heat.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The scepticism of the average civilised man is a fearsome thing. It terrifies anyone who has lived long outside the circle of ordinary experience. Here is M. Rougemont, who was for thirty years chief of a cannibal tribe. You take him at once to be a man of iron nerve, for to sup with cannibals all that time even the longest spoon must have been a poor encouragement. A cannibal chief has privileges, no doubt; but when he dined with his Ministers, M. Rougemont must have felt uncertain sometimes whether he would not be added to the *menu* before the repast was over! Well, he returns to civilisation; and the first sailor he meets takes all the heart out of him by scoffing at his story. Sailors are robust hands at a yarn—witness the Ancient Mariner. No sceptic could daunt him. He buttonholed the Wedding Guest, who expressed no incredulity, though it must have been very inconvenient to be detained like that, for the wedding ceremony went off without him, and he lost his chance of kissing the bride in the vestry. I believe it is the success of the Ancient Mariner's yarn which keeps up the annual legend of the sea-serpent. But when M. Rougemont told his story to a sailor he was laughed at, and when he called on a London editor, the courage of this cannibal chief had sunk so low that he had scarcely strength enough for a "timid knock" at the door. For thirty years he had taken the chair at cannibal reunions, and now he trembled to meet an editor's eye!

As M. Rougemont's adventures are in course of publication, he has probably recovered his equanimity. Presently he may tell us how our society strikes a European who has spent many years of his life among savages. Does he think cannibalism worse, on the whole, than some forms of industrial competition? I have heard that cannibals of the superior sort eat their aged kindred by way of transmitting virtue, and to spare the old people the thought that their graves may be desecrated by wild animals. There is a kind of civic spirit in this custom. Can the same be said of traders who, for the sake of profit, sweat the lives out of their servants? What does M. Rougemont think of the art of story-telling now that he is within hail of the Authors' Club? When the young romancers invite him to tea, will he give them letters of introduction to the members of his late Cabinet? Or will he collaborate with the talent which pours out sensational fiction in the six-penny periodicals? He could supply so much local colour, not to mention practical hints on cookery!

Will the vegetarians who regard the ordinary animal diet with scarcely less horror than is inspired by cannibalism accept Dr. Lilienfeld's artificial albumen? Many of them already eat eggs on the principle, as explained by Dr. Josiah Oldfield, that the egg represents "nascent vitality." When it produces a chicken, I suppose its vitality becomes decadent. As the artificial albumen tastes like raw egg, and yet is not egg, will it commend itself to the vegetarian of the strictest sect, or be treated as a snare? The new food is to be a substitute for all the animal products we now consume, so that we can enjoy the same sustenance without calling in the butcher. That might wean the community from its present taste for blood, and stimulate that moral ascent of man which is incompatible with war and rapine. Had Bismarck only been a vegetarian! But I fear that albuminous banquets will not have much attraction for epicures. Tradition is likely to compel the City Companies to entertain their guests in the old barbaric style. But here is an opportunity for M. Rougemont to put our civilisation to shame. Let him revisit his cannibals and persuade them that the artificial albumen, suitably prepared, is superior to their favourite dishes, and will relieve them from the melancholy duty of causing mortality in united families. He could then return to us with a narrative even more surprising than that with which he is now regaling the public.

Bismarck, possibly in jest, attributed his mental vigour to his prodigious appetite. He certainly cultivated high politics on a quantity of meat and drink that is staggering to the average digestion. But he was no greater representative of "blood and iron" than Napoleon, one of the most abstemious of men. Had Napoleon been endowed with the physique and constitution of Bismarck, there might have been no fatal delay at Moscow, none of those attacks of physical and mental lethargy which paralysed him at critical moments. Perhaps the Russian campaign was the blunder of overweening confidence, but beer and sausages might have saved him at Leipsic. Europe has reason to be thankful that his genius was not sustained by great bodily strength and the Bismarckian regimen. I see an attempt to disparage Napoleon in comparison with Bismarck, on the ground that, at the height of his success, his antagonists were insignificant. Who were the antagonists of Bismarck? Denmark in 1864, Austria in 1866, and France in 1870, possessed neither a statesman nor a soldier of the first rank. Bismarck served a monarch whom he manipulated at will, and he had at his back the greatest fighting-machine, and in Moltke, the greatest military genius of his time. Napoleon saved France from anarchy, recreated her civil institutions, made her armies invincible, trained a whole school of great commanders, and made himself master of Europe for ten years. These are

still the most colossal achievements by one man's genius and energy in the modern world.

Is the old idea that it is undignified for an Englishman to fight with his feet passing away? I learn from *Pearson's Magazine* that there are professors in London who teach the noble art of foot-and-hand boxing. This is illustrated by plates which show the boxer in attitudes that ought to raise the indignant ghost of Tom Sayers. In one of these the kicker has been caught by the leg, and he has promptly turned over with both hands on the floor, and landed a vicious kick with the other foot on his adversary's shin. This agreeable manoeuvre is even more effective in another plate, where the kicker has caught his man under the chin. A third picture shows both combatants kicking, one on the leg and the other on the head. To become accomplished in this art you must spend much time in kicking spots marked on the wall. A lay figure representing a prowling ruffian ought to make this exercise inspiring. I presume that boxing with the feet is practised by citizens who dwell in lonely suburbs. When a garrotter makes an ugly rush, nothing would surprise him so effectually as that neat kick on the chin. He would lie on the ground with a broken jaw, protesting that you were no Englishman; and it is a nice question whether any small crowd that might collect would take your view or his. Perhaps some alert legislator will suggest to the Home Secretary that the police should be taught the chin-kick by the best professors. This, at all events, would provoke an interesting debate on manliness in the sporting journals.

A British jury has given damages against a dramatic critic for condemning a play. This is a step beyond the decision of a French court that when a dramatic author is attacked in print, he has the right of reply at precisely the same length. The calculation of justice by the number of words is quaintly characteristic of the Gallic genius. A British jury, fortunately for some of us, does not assess damages at so much a line. But the idea that criticism which reduces the receipts of a theatre is an intolerable wrong shows a fine commercial morality. By all means let the reviewed who are aggrieved by reviewers bring actions, and prove that fine bouncing sales have been reduced to shadows by unfavourable notices. But why limit the process to books and plays? A Cabinet Minister loses his salary when his party is ejected from office. He may say this would never have happened but for the unjust attacks of a number of prejudiced journals, which misled the electorate. Why should he not plead his cause before a jury and obtain handsome damages from all his assailants? I would push the principle further. The public ought not to allow itself to be misled. When an actor, author, or statesman is attacked in the papers, the public ought to rally round him. It should take its motto from one of the noblest women in fiction, who was wont to say, "I will never desert Mr. Micawber!" To impress this great truth on the popular mind, whenever damages are awarded by a jury in such a case, they should be supplemented by a general fine upon the rates—say a penny in the pound. Such a measure would speedily put an end to all newspaper comment except of the most benevolent nature.

One theatrical manager appears to have had the brilliant idea of insuring a certain play against loss. Here is a field for commercial enterprise. Why not insure actors and authors against criticism? You take out a fire policy; why not treat the critic as you do the "devouring element"? This would enable him to speak his mind with even greater freedom than he now employs. "We have no hesitation," he would say, "in condemning this novel without reserve, for we understand that the author is heavily insured." He might give point to his censure by condemning thoughtless imprudence. "In these days when the principle of insurance is applied to literature, it is scarcely credible that an author should be so blind to the interests of his family as to neglect this simple and effective safeguard. We regret to learn that the writer of the work now before us has been guilty of this unpardonable oversight. We are sorry for those who are dependent upon him, but it is necessary to make an example of such imprudence; and therefore we affirm that this treatise, despite its professedly scientific character, is a perfect scandal to botanical research."

Some papers which appeared in a popular magazine have been reprinted in a small volume entitled, "The Modern Marriage Market." Written by ladies of renown, they are remarkable for one or two odd ideas. In the island of Capri live two young people who married for love on a hundred a year. The husband earns this income by painting small landscapes and selling them to the visitors. I understand that if the world would marry for love, not Mammon, Capri would be full of landscape-painters, and all the visitors would be benevolent connoisseurs, bent on encouraging this matrimonial ideal. But from another oracle I learn that marriage for love is the gratification of selfishness, and that people should never marry except with a solemn vow to devote themselves to their offspring. Why marriage for love should exclude devotion to the offspring is no more apparent than the virtue of marrying on a hundred a year and living in Capri.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne House, was visited on Friday, Aug. 5, by the King of the Belgians, who had arrived at Cowes in his yacht the *Alberta*. The Duke and Duchess of York, with the Duke of Sparta, visited the Queen next day. Her Majesty held a private investiture of the Orders of the Bath, the Star of India, St. Michael and St. George, and the Indian Empire, admitting some gentlemen as Companions of those Orders. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Prince Arthur and two young Princesses, arrived at Osborne. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne were there last week. The Queen has been accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and Princess Arlberg of Anhalt. The Marquis of Salisbury was one of the Queen's guests on Saturday and Sunday. The Duke of Sparta left England on Monday.

The Queen held a Council on Monday to sign the Order for the prorogation of Parliament.

The Prince of Wales, on board the royal yacht *Osborne* at Cowes, has greatly improved in health, and the cure of the injury to his knee has been making satisfactory progress. The Princess of Wales, who arrived in Denmark on Thursday evening, Aug. 4, was met by the King, her father, and went to Bernstorff Castle, where she happily found her mother, the Queen of Denmark, recovered from her late indisposition. Her Majesty has been able to go out for long drives in the deer park. The Empress Dowager of Russia, the King and Queen of Greece, and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland have joined the royal family of Denmark, to keep the venerable Queen's birthday.

The Lord Mayor of London on Friday visited the camp of the National Volunteer Artillery Association at Shoeburyness, and distributed the prizes won by superior skill. The 2nd Middlesex won the prize for the carbine-shooting by competition teams. The first and second prizes for artillery group-firing and the Queen's garrison prize were won by the 1st Essex Volunteer Artillery.

On Saturday the five brigades of Volunteer troops, the East and West London, the Home Counties, the Western Counties, and the Forth Brigade, which were, during last week, at Aldershot Camp, undergoing a course of military exercises, with the regular garrison under command of his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, departed to their respective homes. All the troops performed a mimic battle on Friday, being divided into two opposing forces under Major-Generals Hart and Hildyard. The command of the Aldershot Division will be taken by General Sir Redvers Buller in the second week of October.

The Tower Hamlets Royal Engineers Volunteer regiment was last week, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Whettherly, encamped at Acton, Middlesex, employed in the experimental construction of bridges. This work comprised a steel cable suspension-bridge, with a span of 120 ft., a double-lock bridge, a trestle bridge, and a pontoon bridge, which were all effectively put together in a very satisfactory manner.

The new underground railway from the Mansion House, City, to the Waterloo Road terminus of the London and South-Western Railway, crossing the Thames by a tunnel beneath the river, was opened for traffic on Monday.

Sad boating and bathing disasters have happened at several places on the seaside. At Douglas, Isle of Man, a sailing-boat with four Liverpool gentlemen and two young ladies was upset, and all were drowned except Miss Eliza Bates, of Birmingham, who swam to a rock and saved her life. She is daughter of a teacher of swimming.

Four men, supposed to be Spaniards, perished on Tuesday morning in a fire at a sailors' lodging-house in St. Paul's Square, Liverpool.

The proposed Imperial Government cession of territory and administrative privileges in British New Guinea to a company promoted by Sir H. M. Nelson has excited strong opposition in Australia, where three of the Colonial Governments, those of Queensland, Victoria, and New South Wales, unite in protesting against it, and intend to address the Queen, asking her not to consent to the ordinance which gives a syndicate of capitalists exclusive rights over what should hereafter belong to the Australian Federal Dominion. The only alternative would be the separate constitution of New Guinea as a Crown Colony, but Australia has already contributed to the pioneer work of settlement. Mr. G. Ruthven Le Hunte, C.M.G., Colonial Secretary of Mauritius, has been appointed to succeed Sir William MacGregor as Lieutenant-Governor of New Guinea.

The French Court of Cassation has rejected the appeal of M. Emile Zola and M. Perroux against the judgment of the Versailles Court sentencing them to fine and imprisonment for publishing a libel on the members of the military court-martial in the case of Captain Dreyfus. Two journalists of the opposite party have been fined for libelling Zola's father, who was an officer of the army.

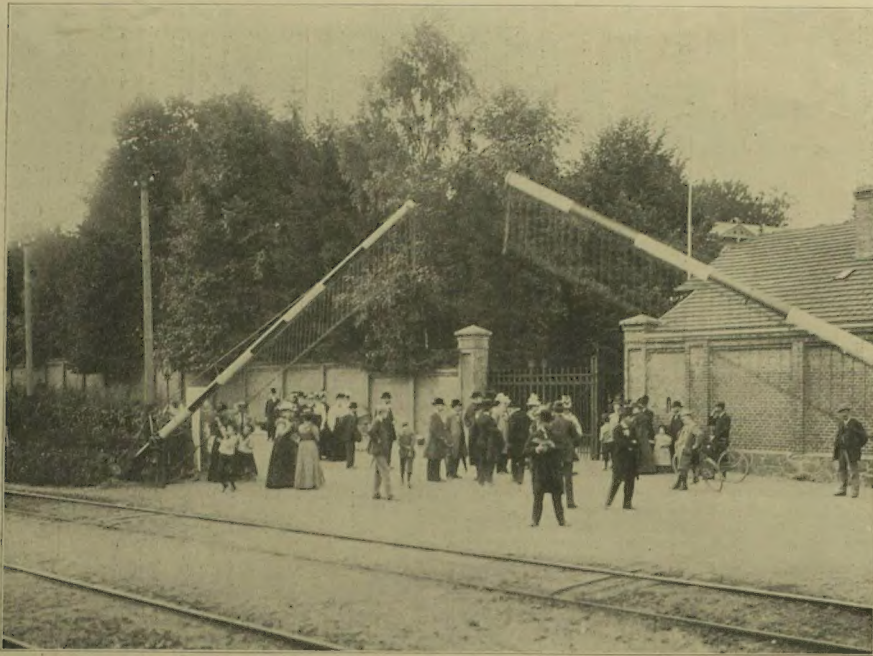
Four deaths of Alpine-climbing tourists, from accidental falls over mountain precipices, took place on Saturday and Sunday last in different localities of Switzerland.

Twenty people were drowned in the harbour of Lisbon on Monday by the collision of two steam-boats crowded with friends of the newly elected President of Brazil, Señor Campos Salles, bidding him farewell on his leaving Portugal.

In the High Court of Justice on Monday judgment was given in the case of Major Spilsbury, charged with leading a party of explorers at Sus, in Morocco, accused of unlawfully resisting the Government of the Sultan, and fighting with his soldiers or seamen there. Extradition had been demanded with a view to his trial at Tangier. It is ordered, however, that the trial shall be at Gibraltar.

The German War Department, as in preceding seasons, has taken the liberty of sending its experimental trained carrier-pigeons to the shores of England, one or two thousand birds in a flight, for conveyance of messages to military stations in Germany. A flight of them from Dover cliffs on Monday was baffled by the strong easterly wind.

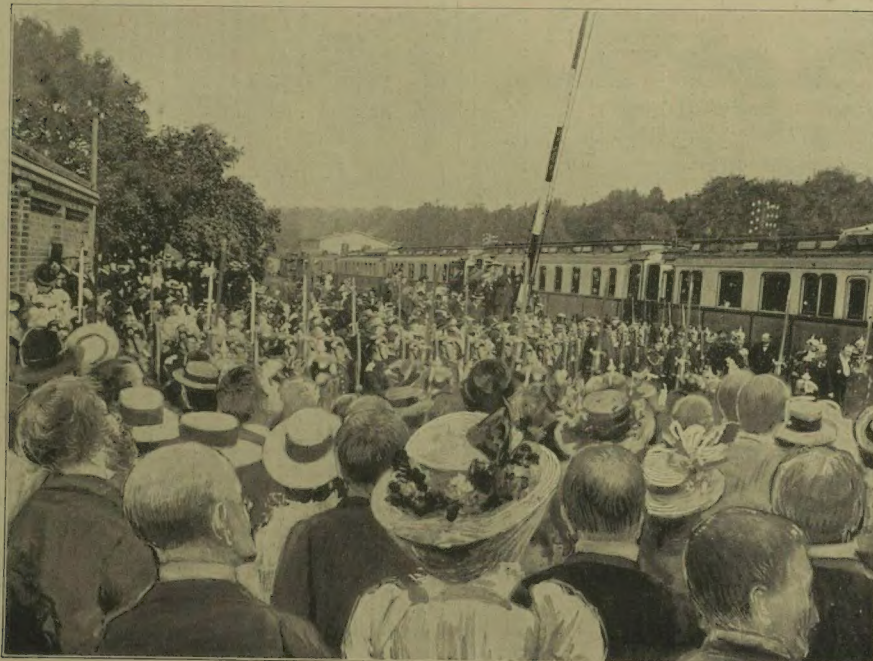
THE LATE PRINCE BISMARCK.



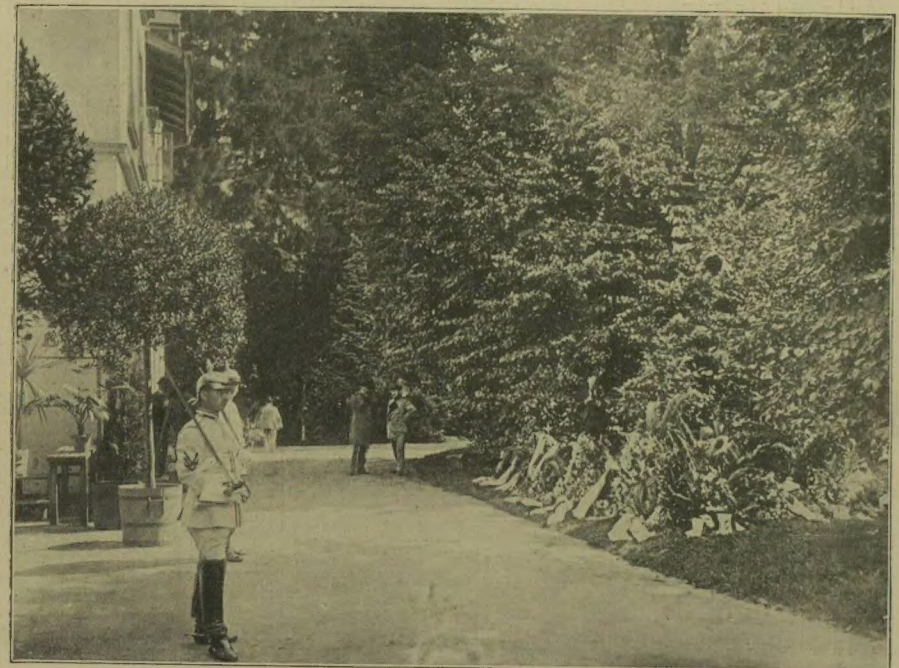
VISITORS TO FRIEDRICHSRUH.



FLORAL TRIBUTES IN THE GROUNDS.



THE KAISER'S VISIT TO FRIEDRICHSRUH: RECEPTION AT THE RAILWAY STATION.



GUARDING THE FLORAL TRIBUTES.

THE LATE PRINCE BISMARCK.



THE LYING-IN-STATE OF PRINCE BISMARCK AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.

In consequence of the necessity of closing the coffin soon after death, the face of the dead was seen for the last time by a few mourners only. Among these was the Chancellor of the Empire, Prince Hohenlohe. The catafalque stood in the same room and place lately occupied by the Prince's bed.



THE KAISER'S TRIBUTE TO BISMARCK.

During his visit to Friedrichsruh, on August 2, the Emperor placed a wreath at the foot of the coffin of the Ex-Chancellor.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

On Monday afternoon the reply of the Spanish Government from Madrid, communicated through M. Cambon, the French Ambassador at Washington, was delivered to the President of the United States. It is believed to be in substance a dignified acceptance of the proffered conditions of peace, which are: the relinquishment of Spanish sovereignty in Cuba and Puerto Rico and the West Indies; the immediate removal of the Spanish troops from Cuba; the cession of Puerto Rico and other islands, with one in the Ladrões, to the United States dominion; and the occupation by American forces of the city, port, and harbour of Manila, pending a definite settlement of the control of the Philippines. The United States Government will not become liable for the Spanish debt on Cuban account, nor will it pay the cost of sending home the Spanish troops, but it will make no further claims of compensation for injuries done to American citizens. These are the terms to which the Queen Regent of Spain and her Minister, Señor Sagasta, now find it necessary to submit, while their execution must depend upon the legislative assent of the Cortes; but it is said that their diplomacy will yet attempt to procure a modification of the financial

military forces in other distant parts of the island, which are equally unable to endure a campaign at this season, could take any advantage of the reduction of the American forces. The city of Santiago and other fortified places would be garrisoned by "immunes" or acclimatised troops, aided, perhaps, by negro regiments. In the island of Puerto Rico the climate is far less dangerous, and the roads are in good condition; the native population, moreover, have willingly received the American invaders, and there is no prevailing distress. The state of affairs in the Philippines, around Manila, continues to be rather precarious. Aguinaldo, the leader of the native insurgents, appears by no means inclined to give up his independent action to the authority of General Merritt and Admiral Dewey. On Aug. 4 a concerted sortie was made from Manila on the American camp near Malate. After sharp fighting the Spaniards were repulsed with heavy loss.

THE LATE PRINCE BISMARCK.

On Aug. 2 the German Emperor, with the Empress, visited Friedrichshagen to attend the private religious service held in anticipation of the funeral of the late Prince Bismarck. Their Majesties then went to Potsdam, and the Emperor issued a proclamation expressing his deep sympathy with the national sorrow at the death of the great Chancellor, as well as grateful admiration of his genius and of his

PARLIAMENT.

The adventures of the Vaccination Bill savour of the highest Parliamentary comedy. First the Government prided themselves on the introduction of glycerinated lymph, and never dreamed of the "conscientious objector." Then they discovered him, and for his special benefit put in a clause which transformed the Bill from compulsion to voluntary vaccination. Then the Lords threw out this clause by a majority of two, in spite of a vigorous appeal from Lord Salisbury, who declared that the revolt of the boards of guardians against compulsion made it impossible to administer the law. Then the Commons reconsidered the clause, and reinserted it by a large majority, after a debate in which Mr. Chaplin declared that he had deferred to the opinion of the House, that his own opinion was unchanged, and that if we had an epidemic of smallpox the House would have to take the responsibility. Then the Lords faced the clause again, and accepted it by a majority of ten. No unofficial peer supported the Government in the debate, and about eight of Lord Salisbury's ordinary supporters predicted his ruin. The Prime Minister himself made a rather peculiar speech. He said the opinion of the country was in favour of the clause, and that he had no means of gathering what the opinion of the country was except from a majority in the House of Commons. Several noble Lords



THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.—IN THE SPANISH TRENCHES AT MANILA: MIDDAY.

From a Sketch by T. T. Jeans, R.M.S. "Immortalité."

arrangement through the deliberations of whatever joint Commission—perhaps with a French amicable mediation—may have to deal with the future of the Philippines. American opinion, however, seems to be decidedly against such concessions; and the United States War and Navy Departments have not relaxed their active preparations for continued conflict, as well in the subjugation of Puerto Rico as in the despatch of a fresh squadron to blockade or attack the naval ports of Spain. The American military force in Puerto Rico, under command of General Miles, with its base at the town of Ponce, on the south side of the island, and with the advanced division under General Brooke at Guayama, communicating with the sea-coast at Arroyo, is moving towards the capital, San Juan, at the north-east point, in four separate columns; they reached Juana Diaz and Mayaguez on Sunday last. The Spanish garrison, which does not exceed six or seven thousand men, while the port and city are blockaded by five American war-ships, cannot possibly withstand such a powerful attack. In Cuba, with the effectual American military occupation of nearly the whole province of Santiago, General Shafter's campaign is ended, and his only anxiety now is to get the main body of his army, which is suffering much from malarial fever and typhoid, several thousand soldiers being invalided, as quickly as possible fetched away to recruit their health at the Montauk sanitarium on Long Island. An extraordinary memorial to the War Office, urgently demanding this relief, has been signed by all the commanding officers of brigades and the medical officers of the army in Eastern Cuba. It is extremely improbable that the Spanish

work accomplished under the Emperor William I., which the present Emperor is resolved, he says, "to develop and maintain, and, if need be, to defend with blood and treasure." On Thursday, Aug. 4, their Majesties, with all the Prussian Court, the German Princes, the State officials, and members of the Reichstag, attended the grand public solemnity of the special service held in the Memorial Church or Cathedral at Berlin. On Aug. 7 a memorial service, organised by the Berlin Bismarck Committee, was held in the new Royal Opera House. The body of Bismarck lies in the death-chamber awaiting the preparation of the mausoleum.

THE COWES REGATTA.

The racing was continued last Wednesday under the most favourable conditions of wind and weather. For the Royal Yacht Squadron prizes of £100, *Rainbow*, *Aurora*, *Ailsa*, and *Bona* sailed a well-contested race over the Queen's course. On the run home *Ailsa* carried a small spinnaker boomed out, and for a time seemed formidable to *Rainbow*, which had an eleven minutes' lead on rounding the Lepe Buoy, but *Rainbow* ran her and gained a fine victory with a record performance. The handicap for cruisers of thirty tons was contested the same day, and was won by *Latona*. Thursday also brought fair, bright weather for the running of the Town Cup race, *Bona* winning by time. Friday saw the close of a most successful regatta with the races for the Australian Cup, the German Emperor's Cup, the Commodore's Cup, and the Royal Yacht Squadron's prizes of £35.

sat aghast at this, for it seemed an admission that the duty of the Peers is to register the decrees of the Commons—at any rate, when Lord Salisbury is in office.

In the Commons there was lively discussion in Supply. Mr. Chamberlain made an interesting statement about Cyprus. This romantic island appears to have cost us about half a million, but great progress is being made in the improvement of its administration. Mr. Chamberlain regards Cyprus as a colony which it is well worth while "to develop in a reasonable and cautious manner." There is no room for enthusiasm or for brilliant inspiration. The islanders are very poor, and complain of taxation; but then poor people always complain of taxation. Railway communication is proving beneficial. On the whole, Mr. Chamberlain thinks that Cyprus is cheap at a cost to the Imperial Exchequer of £33,000 a year. The closure of Supply led to a display of mock indignation by the Opposition. They voted against the allowance for "salaries and expenses of the offices of the House of Lords," but passed the corresponding vote for the House of Commons without a division. After that they divided impartially against everything, so that the puzzled foreigner in the Strangers' Gallery must have come to the conclusion that they desired to destroy the most cherished institutions of the country. Mr. Curzon could not gratify the curiosity of members before the prorogation on the subject of the situation in China. Sir Claude MacDonald reported that the Chinese had expressed their gratitude for the support of the British Government. How this would affect the proposed British contract for the Niu-Chwang railway Mr. Curzon was unable to say.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Dr. J. E. C. Weldon, whose appointment as Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan Bishop in India and the Island of Ceylon has been approved by the Queen, is well known as the Head Master of Harrow School, an appointment which he has held since 1885. Dr. Weldon is a native of Tonbridge, and is forty-four years of age. He was educated at Eton and at King's College, Cambridge, where his career was distinguished. He was successively Curis prizeman, Bell's University scholar, Brown's medallist, and Craven scholar. He graduated B.A. in 1877 as Senior Classic and Senior Chancellor's medallist. Three years later he proceeded Master of Arts, and entered holy orders. From 1883 to 1885 Mr. Weldon was Head Master of Dulwich College. He has held various public and academical appointments, having been select preacher at Cambridge, a member of the Royal Commission which considered the scheme for the institution of a teaching University for London. Dr. Weldon is a Chaplain-in-Ordinary to her Majesty. His publications are numerous.

Sir Charles Euan-Smith, the newly appointed Minister to Colombia, is fifty-six years of age, and has seen much military service. In 1859 he entered the Indian Army, from which he retired as Colonel in 1889. He served in the Abyssinian War of 1867 and in the Afghan War of 1880. He has been Consul-General at Zanzibar and Minister at Tangier. In 1890 he was knighted. In 1877 he married Edith, daughter of the late General F. Alexander, R.A.

Mr. John Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., who has been returned for Launceston in the Radical interest, was born in 1844, and is the third son of the Rev. James Egan Moulton, a Wesleyan minister. Mr. Moulton was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and graduated as Senior Wrangler. Until 1873 he held a Fellowship at Christ's College, and in 1874 was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple. In 1885 he took silk, and the same year was returned to Parliament as member for Clapham in the Liberal interest. His political career has been chequered. The year following his election he was defeated, and was without a seat until 1894, when he was returned by South Hackney. In 1895 he was again defeated at the poll.

In a session of disappointing dullness, Mr. George Doughty's recantation and return as a Unionist for Grimsby has afforded the political quidnuncs something to write about. Mr. Doughty, who was born in 1854, is a great figure in Grimsby, where he is a merchant, a shipowner, and an alderman. He was elected for Grimsby in the Home Rule interest in July 1895, with a majority of 181. That Grimsby approves of his recantation is shown by the fact that it has now returned him with a majority of 1751.

Professor Edwin Ray Lankester, who, as was noted in our issue of last week, has become director of the Natural History Department of the British Museum at South Kensington, is one of the most notable of English scientists. His father was Dr. Edwin Lankester, coroner. He was educated at St. Paul's School, Downing College, Cambridge, and Christ Church, Oxford. He is a member of many learned societies, both home and foreign, and since 1869 has edited the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*.

The late Sir Charles Cameron Lees, who has died at the age of sixty-one, was a distinguished public servant. He was a son of the late Sir J. C. Lees. Choosing the army as a profession, he entered the 3rd Foot in 1854 as Lieutenant, and served in that regiment until 1866. In 1873 he was appointed Colonial Secretary of the Gold

Coast, and six years later was made Governor of Labuan and Consul-General in Borneo. In 1881 he became Governor of the Bahamas, and successively held the Governorship of the Leeward Islands, of Barbados, and of Mauritius. His last appointment was in 1893, to be Governor of British Guiana.

The late Mr. Walter Wren, the famous "coach" for the Indian Civil Service, was the second son of the late Richard Wren, of Buntingford, Herts, and was born sixty-five years ago. Educated at Guernsey and Christ's College, Cambridge, he turned his attention to teaching, and having settled in London, soon became noted for the success with which he prepared candidates for the public examinations. Since his school-days, Mr. Wren had laboured under a painful infirmity, but his energy and ability made him superior to the fetters which to many men would have proved an insuperable obstacle to active work. As keen a Radical as he was a teacher, Mr. Wren

works, "The Religious Life of London," enjoyed some popularity. In his later years he travelled a great deal, and once put up as Parliamentary candidate for Holborn. About ten years ago Mr. Ritchie went to live at Clacton-on-Sea, where he was by way of being a local celebrity. His appearance was far from suggesting the literary man, and his geniality and *bonhomie* were the qualities most remembered by his many friends.

The death of Mr. Richard Dowling, the novelist, which occurred at Tooting on July 28, removes an unostentatious literary worker whose industry had been unremitting. Mr. Dowling was born fifty-three years ago at Clonmel, Tipperary. He possessed in a high degree the gift of story-telling; he had sentiment and he had humour. Perhaps his best story was "Under St. Paul's." In any case, his audience, if never very literary, was very large.

Dr. Georg Ebers, famous as Egyptologist and novelist, died at Tutzing, on the evening of Aug. 7, at the age of sixty-one. Dr. Ebers came of a family of bankers, and was descended from the Jew Ephraim, who so often helped Frederick the Great in his money troubles. The commercial pursuits of the house did not preclude culture. Dr. Ebers' mother being well known in Berlin literary society, while the brothers Grimm were intimate friends. To Göttingen young Ebers went to read law, and while there became paralysed. Active occupation being impossible, Ebers turned to Egyptology, and was introduced by Jacob Grimm to Lepsius. His first work was the romance, almost as well known to English as to German readers, "A Princess of Egypt," which won the scorn of Lepsius and the steady favour of the public. If scholars sneered, however, at Ebers' choice of fiction as a medium for his work, they were soon to be silenced by the publication of his "Egypt and the Books of Moses," which appeared in the same year, 1864. Ebers became Professor of Egyptology at Jena in 1865, a position which he held until 1889. He made various tours in Egypt. In 1873 at Thebes he discovered the papyrus which bears his name. In 1876 appeared his second romance of ancient Egypt, "Uarda," which was followed by "Homo Sum" and "The Sisters," works which have brought pleasure and instruction to thousands whom Ebers' avowedly scientific writings would never have reached.

Mr. Walter Crane has been appointed by the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education to the Principalship of the Royal College of Art at South Kensington. Mr. Crane succeeds Mr. Sparkes, who has retired.

Captain Sigbee, of the United States Navy, who was in command of the *Maine* at the time when she was blown up in Havana harbour, is to be appointed to the command of the battle-ship *Texas*.

The state chariot belonging to King Theebaw, which was seized by the British troops at Mandalay, has been purchased by a commercial firm, and will be driven through the London streets to advertise a particular commodity.

Lord Charles Beresford's abilities are to find yet another channel of usefulness. Lord Charles has been invited by the Associated Chambers of Commerce to undertake a special mission to China, in order to prepare a report on the prospects of British trade and commerce in that quarter of the globe. He will further report upon the guarantee furnished by China for the investment of British capital. His Lordship, who has agreed to undertake the mission, will sail on Aug. 25, and will, it is believed, be absent for several months.

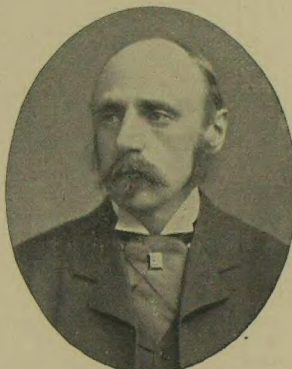


Photo Russell and Sons.
MR. J. FLETCHER MOULTON,
New M.P. for Launceston.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
DR. WELDON,
The New Bishop of Calcutta.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
SIR CHARLES EUAN-SMITH,
Minister to Colombia.

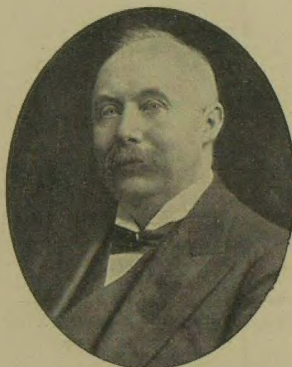


Photo Elliott and Fry.
ALDERMAN DOUGHTY,
Re-elected M.P. for Grimsby.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
PROFESSOR RAY LANKESTER.

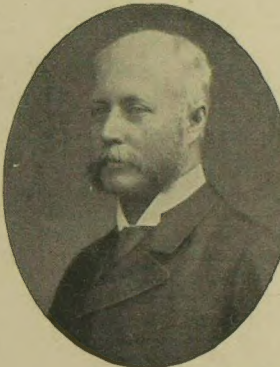


Photo Maull and Fox.
THE LATE SIR C. CAMERON LEES.



Photo G. Jerrard.
THE LATE MR. WALTER WREN.



Photo Martin and Sullivan.
THE LATE MR. J. EWING RITCHIE
("Christopher Crayon").



Photo C. F. Treble.
THE LATE MR. RICHARD DOWLING.

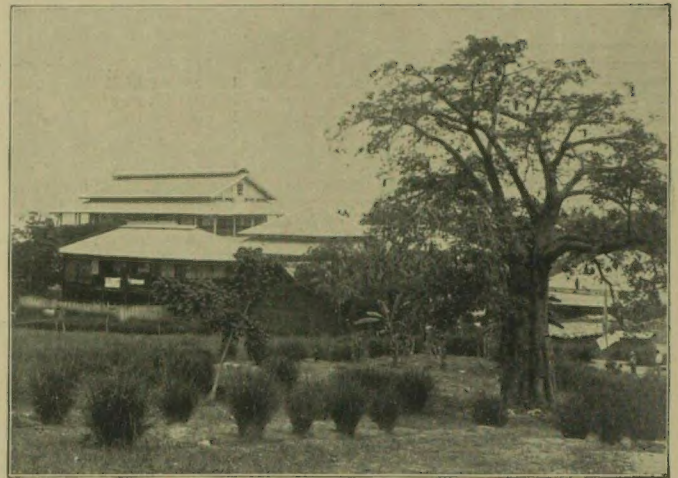
sought Parliamentary honours, and in 1880 was returned for Wallingford, but was unseated on petition. He was elected "for distinguished services" to the first London County Council by a constituency which had never seen him.

James Ewing Ritchie, journalist and author, died at his residence at Clacton-on-Sea on July 24, aged seventy-eight. He was born at Wrentham, in Suffolk, and was the son of a Congregational minister. He entered Coward College with a view to the ministry, but soon deciding that he was not suited to that career he came to London and started in journalism as a "free lance." He edited the *Standard of Freedom* for Mr. John Cassell, wrote Parliamentary sketches for the *Weekly News*, and contributed articles and sketches to the *Daily News*. He took over the *Illustrated News of the World* from Mr. Tallis, and conducted it for two years, till it ceased to exist. For the last thirty years his work has chiefly appeared in the *Christian World*, to which he contributed gossip articles under the pen-name of "Christopher Crayon." He brought out many books, of which the best known is his "East Anglia," a work largely made up of personal reminiscences. Another of his early

OPENING OF THE MATADI-STANLEY-POOL RAILWAY. CONGO FREE STATE.

The forces of civilisation are gradually subduing Africa, and one of the latest railways to be opened is the Matadi-Stanley-Pool line. Matadi, the starting point of the Congo Railway, is situated on the left bank of the Congo, opposite Vivi, just below the lowest Falls. Stanley Pool is an expansion of the Congo just above the Rapids. The distance between Matadi and Stanley Pool is about 150 miles, and the line runs in a north-easterly direction from the former place. Matadi is about seventy-five miles from Boma, the capital. Boma, or M'Boma, was formerly called Embomma or Lombi, and is situated on the left bank of the Congo just where it widens into an estuary. Our Illustrations show various points of interest in connection with the railway, both at Boma and Matadi.

The pictures of Boma represent the Custom-House and Post-Office, a place of business, the Police-Station, and the Avenue Royal, the best street in the administrative capital of the State. The buildings are of a light and elegant description, well suited to the climate. The official block of the Congo Railway Company at Matadi is also a pleasant-looking structure, with wide and shady verandahs. The railway works at Matadi lie close to the river, and in the view reproduced on this page appear the steamers *Banana* and *Leopoldville*. This view was taken from the hill above the river.



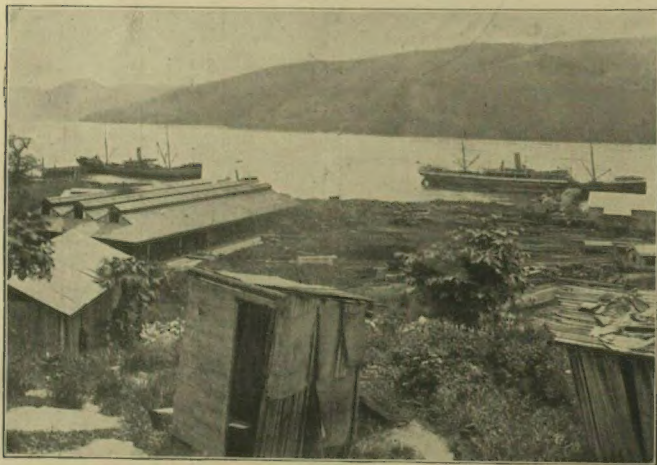
CUSTOM-HOUSE AND POST-OFFICE, BOMA.



THE OFFICES OF THE CONGO RAILWAY COMPANY, MATADI.



A BUSINESS HOUSE, BOMA.



MATADI RAILWAY WORKS.



THE AVENUE ROYAL, BOMA.



MATADI, FROM THE WHARF.



THE POLICE-STATION, BOMA.

HOODMAN BLIND



BY
L. COPE CORNFORD
ILLUSTRATED BY
CECIL ADIN

Without more ado, Rubina severed with her girdle-knife the black silk scarves which bound the captive, and which were apparently his own garters. Clutching his shirt about his meagre limbs, the old gentleman, regarding his deliverer with an angry eye, stood shivering in the bitter wind.

Rubina looked at him, and turned her shoulder upon him.

"Come," said the old gentleman, "here is no time for girls' folly and finicking. Run quickly to the nearest cottage, and borrow me some clothes and a horse, and say they are for Sir Jasper Cornelius of Saxelby Manor. I'll reward you well, wench; only make haste, make haste, for my lady's coach is on the road, and it may be too late even now!"

"Tis full three miles to my Uncle Zachary's farm, and that is the nearest house," said Rubina, "and as to a horse, I know not where I could get one nearer."

"Bones of God, but you must!" cried Sir Jasper. "That ruffian may be waylaying my lady even now, I tell you. And yet," he added despairingly, "I see there won't be time. Oh, what a horrible situation!"

There were little tears on his furrowed cheeks as he looked at Rubina, and his teeth chattered in the brief silence that followed.

"Sir," said Rubina, "I will do what I can. Perhaps I may be able to warn your lady. Which way doth she come?"

"From Newark through Collingham and Clifton," Sir Jasper answered.

"But how should Oliver the Hobman know aught of her coming?"

"There was a letter in the pocket of my hose, in which my lady did ask me to meet her at Collingham. I saw the ruffian pull out the script and read it, and then he rode off. He said himself would take excellent good care she came by no harm on the road," replied the wretched knight.

"Tis in the wood betwixt Clifton and Thorney he will await her ladyship. 'Tis his favourite spot," said Rubina. "If I could reach her before she gets there—well, I can but try."

"You are a good wench," said Sir Jasper. "It might be done. I was not to be at Collingham before six of the clock."

"Well, and what will you be doing, Sir, in the meanwhile?"

"Mind not me," said the old gentleman ruefully, "I must make a shift as best I may."

Rubina slipped off her hooded kirtle of grey camlet and gave it to him.

"Here is a shift, if that be all, and I shall run the lighter without it," said she. "And if you will sit in it under the hedge, it may be I can send help to you"; and so saying, Rubina started off across the flat country at a steady run.

Pleased and excited beyond measure, Rubina tried as she ran to invent some neat device which should outwit and confound the highwayman; but in the extreme hurry and disorder of her ideas, she could think of nothing save that she must stop the coach and warn my Lady Cornelius; and she directed her course towards the windmill, which stood upon a little knoll beside the road which skirted Clifton village, and along which the coach must come.

The miller, a mild, bearded person sprinkled and crusted with flour, was leaning on his garden gate, smoking a short pipe.

"What, be you in a hurry, then, mistress?" said the miller, as Rubina came up, red and panting.

"Have you seen a coach go by this afternoon?" cried Rubina.

The miller took his pipe from his mouth and regarded her in a meditative silence.

"A coach?" he returned, speaking very slowly, after a long pause. "A coach, mistress? Have I seen e'er a coach go by?" he went on, with increasing deliberation. "No. Stop. Which way did you say?"

Rubina made an impatient gesture. "Lincoln way? Ay, come to recollect, there was a coach went by—when? Ah, a matter of ten minutes ago, or it might be more. Did you want a coach, then, mistress?"

"Oliver the Hobman is wanting it," returned the breathless Rubina. "He is waiting now in Thorney Wood. Come with me."

"What for?" inquired the miller.

IN the days when King Charles II. held his impecunious Court of exile at Cologne, while Oliver Ironsides ruled piously in his stead, the highwaymen of England found a golden opportunity, and rose to an eminence they never before attained. For, what with civil broils and prevailing disaffection, the course of justice was a good deal slackened: the freebooter, robbing at his ease, declared that he was but collecting the King's taxes; and when he came to the gallows (for he was certain to be hanged sooner or later) he could always pose before the mob as another martyred Royalist.

So it was that for years together some stout ruffian would keep a whole countryside in daily terror of his pistols. One such notable thief at this period ruled the roads within a twenty-mile radius of Lincoln; and in time folk came to regard him as an institution, deplorable, but inevitable. Since he wore the traditional black mask, and contrived to wrap himself in a mystery worth no man's while to pierce, none knew his face, nor his name, nor the place of his abode. They called him Oliver the Hobman for convenience of parlance.

To Rubina Huxtable, the local highwayman was nothing but a figure of romance. Rubina was the motherless daughter of Parson Huxtable, of Torksey village, which lay some ten miles from Lincoln; and so long as she left him in peace, the parson thankfully allowed her to do whatever seemed good to her. At this time, when she was seventeen years old, her principal object in life was to come face to face with Oliver the Hobman, and to witness, if possible, one of those achievements in robbery of which she had heard so many pleasing stories. Inspired with this ambition, Rubina would rove the countryside, lie hidden in promising thickets, and drive home from market with the prosperous farmer, her uncle Zachary Huxtable, in the dusk of the evening; and yet, try as she might, never could she hit upon a trace of Oliver the Hobman.

But once, returning homewards in the afternoon of a dark spring day of east wind, Rubina descried a twinkling white object beneath a twisted thorn in the midst of a waste field. Approaching it boldly, she perceived the figure of a lean old man with a grey beard. He was stripped to his shirt, and tied to the tree. With a pang of mingled delight and shrinking, Rubina stopped short: whereupon the captive called to her.

"Cut me loose! Cut me loose!" said he. "What does the girl stand drumbling there for?"

"And how came you in this plight?" inquired Rubina, coming nearer. "Was it—was it Oliver's doing?"

"How should I know the name of the scoundrelly shark?" retorted the old gentleman. "Cut my bonds, I tell you!"

"To prevent him, of course," cried Rubina. "How you talk! Will you come, then?"

"No," said the miller, with decision. "What I say is, every man to his trade, and—Lord save the mad lass, what ails her?" he added, as Rubina started off once more.

A mile beyond the mill the road turned sharp to the right, and at the end of another mile, turning to the left, it ran through Thorney Wood. Rubina, rushing across the fields, came in sight of the coach by the time it had gone about a quarter-mile beyond the first turn.

My Lady Cornelius, placidly dozing, was suddenly awakened by the stopping of the coach; and the next moment, a scarlet face, with eyes shining bright as lighted matches through a tangle of black hair, thrust itself through the unglazed window.

"Are you my Lady Cornelius? I come with a message from Sir Jasper, Madam. I pray you let me speak with you," cried Rubina, speaking in gasps.

Seated face to face with her ladyship, Rubina recovered her breath and explained the situation. Lady Cornelius, a middle-aged woman of a fine, placid beauty, hearkened in silence. Knowing Parson Huxtable and his daughter by repute, she received the narrative without suspicion.

"Well, and what shall we do?" asked my lady, when Rubina had made an end. "Jervies carries a blunderbuss. Shall we turn about and drive back to pick up Sir Jasper?"

"The road is very bad and goes a long way round," said Rubina. "You would be overtaken and stopped of a certainty, Madam."

My lady shuddered. "Lord!" says she; "I couldn't bear such a thing, not for the world."

"Could you not cross the fields to Saxelby on foot with

But the stout, purple-visaged coachman remained silent on his box, staring in front of him.

"Come, come, find your tongue this minute, you dog!" shouted Oliver the Hobman, "or I will put that in your mouth shall stop it for ever."

"'Tis Sir Jasper Cornelius's coach, then," replied the coachman sulkily, in a thick hoarse voice.

"Then what do you mean, driving the wrong way? Are you running off with her ladyship? Hold still now, or I will put a ball in your back!" And the highwayman, dismounting, leaned his arms upon the sill of the coach window. A spasm of terror seized Rubina as she looked at the little green eyes twinkling behind the black mask, in the shadow of a great hat.

"Come, Madam, will you down with your rhino and your gold watch and your jewels? Or will you come with me? I intend you no harm," said Oliver, keeping a wary eye upon the coachman.

"I have nothing, so I cannot give it you," said Rubina faintly, cowering in the corner with her hood drawn over her face.

"'Tis the answer I

and weep at the same time, Rubina found herself seated behind the highwayman's broad back, and holding fast to his belt.

"Now, coachman," continued the robber cheerfully, "hearken to me before I send you to hell for orders. Drive in front of your ruby nose till you come to the cross-roads, then follow the lane to the right for a couple of miles, or it may be more, and there (for aught I know) you shall meet your master, Sir Jasper Cornelius. Wo-ho, Martha! Get up, then," and turning his horse, Oliver the Hobman set off at a brisk trot, while the coach drove away in the opposite direction. Rubina, despite her terror, began to discover a fearful joy in her situation, and to wonder vaguely why it was that the speech of Oliver the Hobman seemed in some way familiar to her, as though she had dreamed of it.



In a few minutes a dark figure on a piebald nag rode alongside the window, and a strong harsh voice cried out to the coachman to stop.

your lackey," said Rubina, "while I go in your coach to fetch Sir Jasper?"

"But what of yourself, child? I cannot let you run into such danger," said my lady.

"There is no danger for me," said Rubina. "I have nothing that is worth the taking."

Lady Cornelius looked at her and hesitated. But the twilight was falling, and the remembrance of her husband's sad plight came irresistibly before her.

"Well, well, you are a good brave wench, and I'll not forget you," said she. "But prithee wrap yourself up or you will take cold."

Rubina put on a thick hooded cloak, which my lady pressed upon her; and Lady Cornelius presently started across the fields, followed by the footman, carrying a blunderbuss, my lady's fan, her shawls, her valise, and a miscellany of other small possessions. Following Rubina's directions, the coachman turned about and began to drive rapidly along the road he had just traversed.

They had scarcely travelled a mile when Rubina, with a thrill, caught the sound of galloping hoofs coming up behind and growing swiftly louder. In a few minutes a dark figure on a piebald nag rode alongside the window, and a strong harsh voice cried out to the coachman to stop.

Rubina felt that the supreme moment was come at last. "Whose coach are you driving in such a mighty hurry?" the voice demanded.

expected," said the highwayman. "Pardon my insolence, but you must away with me, my lady. Pray you to alight, and I will take you on the crupper."

"I will not," said Rubina.

"But you must, my beautiful lady." The little black muzzle of a pistol appeared on the window-sill.

"Mistress," the asthmatic tones of the coachman sounded from his box. "Mistress, say but the word, and I'll fight 'un, and be hanged to 'un's pistols!"

"No, no," Rubina cried, rising from her seat. The highwayman opened the coach door, and Rubina stepped down into the road. Oliver entered the coach, searched it thoroughly, and finding nothing, he came out again, stood in front of Rubina, and broke into these surprising strains—

"While rosy chorus and gay delight
Sit in thy blooming looks confest
I tremble . . .

Ay, I do assure you, my lady," said Oliver the Hobman, with solemn deliberation—

"I tremble, yet admire the sight
And feel the rapture in my breast."

he added, getting slowly into the saddle. "Give me your dainty hand, my lady, and set your dainty foot upon my honoured boot, and up, with your hands tucked in my belt, and pardon the liberty."

Suppressing, with a great effort, an impulse to laugh

At the turn of the road, the highwayman pulled up. "My beautiful lady," said he, "take heart of cheer—

Can gazing, an'rous man behold
Those beauteous eyes, divinely gay?

He can, and so you must tie this kerchief over them, my beauteous lady, lest worse befall." He handed Rubina a silk handkerchief over his shoulder. "'Tis but for a little while, my lady," he added.

For a passing moment, Rubina contemplated the possibility of slipping down and taking to flight, but her courage failed her, and she consented to tie the handkerchief about her head.

"Is't fairly on? Right so," said the highwayman, and turned his horse into Thorney Wood. For a while, they threaded their way at a foot pace among the trees, then, coming out upon the open, they rode rapidly forward upon turf. It seemed to Rubina a very long time before the hoofs crunched upon gravel, and Oliver the Hobman drew rein once more. He helped her to dismount, led her up a short flight of steps, unlocked a door, threw it open, and brought her into a room. The faint pervading smell of the house (every house has its distinctive odour), an agreeable suggestion of stored apples, cheeses, and home-cured bacon, with a dash of garlic and woodsmoke, struck Rubina as vaguely familiar to her.

"Unbind your eyes, my lady, and fear nothing," said the highwayman. "I do but go to tend the horse."

He clapped to the door behind him, and Rubina heard the bolt click into the socket, heard her captor's heavy footsteps go out of the house. Plucking the handkerchief from her eyes, she found herself in a great dark room. On the wide hearth glowed the embers of a wood fire; at one end, the lighter obscurity without glimmered through the long and low window. Rubina sat down upon the settle beside the inglo, and listened with a terrified intensity. There was a profound stillness, the peculiar desolate stillness of an empty house. Somewhere in the vacant rooms a clock was ticking; the wind sighed about the walls and rumbled in the chimney; and Rubina counted the beating of her heart. She slipped her girdle-knife from its sheath, and concealed it in the folds of her sleeve. Presently she heard the deliberate weighty footsteps approaching; and the highwayman entered, carrying a lighted candle, which he set down upon the great oak table, with some sheets of paper, a bottle of ink, and a quill. Then he drew the red curtains across the window, and dragged a couple of chairs to the table. From beneath her hood Rubina's glance followed every movement of the sturdy figure in the black mask and broad hat, with the dark red shawl muffled about the neck and chin. The light of the candle glittered on the metal buttons of the highwayman's buff coat, and twinkled upon the bright pistol stuck in his belt.

"Come near, my lady," said he, "prithce gladden my eyes with a sight of thy face, if it were only that I may set a proper price upon such charms."

Rubina rose swiftly and stepped back into the shadow, the steel glinting in her hand. Oliver the Hobman, with his thumb to his teeth, con-

sidered her, while he whistled three bars of an air. "Well, well," he said presently, "sure, I would not displease your ladyship for the world, not I. Pray you be seated, my lady, and let us come to business."

He sat down at the head of the table, drew the paper towards him, set the candle at his elbow, and looked up expectantly. Rubina sat down at the side of the table.

"Now," resumed Oliver briskly, pen in hand, "how much will Sir Jasper give to regain the pleasant company of my lady Jasper? Five hundred guineas, four hundred—what shall we say, my lady? I cannot but remember how that Sir Jasper is a bitter, crop-headed rebel of the Rump, and should therefore in justice be stripped of all the gear he hath whatsoever."

Rubina, beginning to comprehend the situation, made no answer.

"See," went on the highwayman, "I have but to

make out a bond, Sir Jasper has but to sign it, and you are free, Madam, free, alas! to leave me desolate."

"And what if Sir Jasper be even now raising hue-and-cry upon you?" said Rubina in a low voice.

"He would never find you, Madam, be assured of that," returned Oliver placidly. "Nor if the janissaries were to meet me face to face would they take me. And that's a singular thing, ain't it?" he added. "But so it is, my lady, take an honest freebooter's word for it. So come now, Madam, what can Sir Jasper give Oliver upon this lawful occasion, down upon the nail?"

"I should think nothing of a husband who would not cheerfully give and hazard all that he hath in the wide world for his wife," cried Rubina.

The highwayman stared at her, but her face was hidden beneath her hood.

Rubina the familiar figure of her Uncle Zachary, his ruddy face darkly flushed, his little eyes shining, and his grey curls in disorder.

"Madam, I pray you to excuse me, but I have need of the candle for a few moments," said Uncle Zachary politely. "Your good lord, Sir Jasper, hath most fortunately honoured my poor house with a visit. I shall but require his signature to this little paper, and our piece of business will be pleasantly concluded. 'Tis no mortal use to cry out, my lady," he added, gathering up the writing materials. "There is none to hear you, and no cause for't, neither."

He was stretching across the table to take the candle, when he suddenly clapped his hand to his face and looked sharply at Rubina. But she sat turned away from him, with her hood still drawn over her eyes. The next moment

he had gone from the room, locking the door behind him.

Rubina sat still in the dark, overwhelmed with amazement. So Oliver the Hobman was none other than the kindly old man whom she had all her life regarded with a child's tolerant affection: who used to fill her apron with sweet apples from the orchard, and bid her pluck posies in the garden; and who had driven her so often to Lincoln Market and back, beguiling the way with sensational legends of Oliver the Hobman and his doings. Recovering from the first shock of discovery, Rubina was seized with a violent impulse to escape. She perceived that at any moment Uncle Zachary might return and bring her face to face with the wretched Sir Jasper; and she utterly declined to face the scene which must follow. Sir Jasper, weary of waiting, must

have wandered aimlessly about until he was attracted by the light in the window of the lonely house shining far across the dark fields. As he had entered the house in darkness, and as the highwayman had evidently resumed his disguise, the egregious Uncle Zachary would doubtless remain undetected.

Rubina, who was thoroughly acquainted with every corner of her uncle's house, knew that there could be no escape from the locked room unless it were by the window. But the casements had never been opened since they were first framed: and the iron fastenings were rusted into the sockets. Rubina tugged and wrenched in vain; then, in desperation, she caught up a wooden stool from the inglo, and dashed it through the diamond panes. But before she had time to enlarge the opening, she heard Uncle Zachary's footsteps again approaching down the passage. Rubina was stricken motionless with terror. The door opened;



He sat down at the head of the table, drew the paper towards him, and set the candle at his elbow. . . . Rubina sat down at the side of the table.

one moment the highwayman's figure, masked and muffled, appeared in the vivid wavering light of the candle: the next, the strong draught blowing from the broken window had extinguished the flame.

"A curse o' the wind," said Uncle Zachary. "Bide a minute, my lady, I will get me a light from the fire."

He was beginning to grope his way towards the red embers dying on the hearth, when Rubina crept warily past him, slipped out of the room, and down the passage. The front door was unfastened; and by the time Uncle Zachary had relit his candle Rubina was half-way down the gravel track which led to the high road. But before she could reach the gate she heard footsteps and voices in front of her; and, stopping, she perceived two figures, a man and a woman, coming towards the house. Rubina stepped aside and crouched beneath a bush. The figures passed her; and by the light of the stars Rubina recognised my Lady Cornelius and her lackey. Pricked by an irresistible

her ladyship. The lackey stepped forward and touched his arm.

"This is my Lady Cornelius, farmer," said he.

Uncle Zachary glanced from one to the other, set the candle upon the table, and hurried swiftly from the chamber.

Seized with fright, Rubina fled once more; and she was again speeding towards the gate which opened on the highway when she heard the noise of wheels and hoofs rapidly approaching.

"There only needs the coach," said Rubina, in a painful excitement, as she hid behind a bush.

And the coach it proved to be. Rubina recognised the coachman's ample outline as he drove past at a trot. The next moment the harsh voice of Uncle Zachary issued from the dark—

"And who be you, so late?"

The coach pulled up. "I crave pardon, neighbour," answered the hoarse coachman, "but hast seen o'er a sign

Smitten with fright, the horses reared and dashed forward, and the coach shot rocking into the darkness.

Uncle Zachary stood a moment, hearkening to the beat of the galloping hoofs, and muttering to himself. Then he went into the house; and so soon as the door closed behind her redoubtable uncle, Rubina took to flight for a third time. For a mile or so she followed the highway, then turned aside across the fields. A little after, the massive chimneys of the parsonage loomed upon the sky; and just as she came to the garden gate, Rubina caught the distant sound of galloping hoofs, and paused, with her hand on the latch. The hollow clatter waxed louder as the unseen cavalier drew near along the highway, then waxed lower and lower, and fell into silence as he receded farther and farther toward Lincoln.

"O my heart," said Rubina, "I wonder now if 'tis the last of poor Oliver the Hobman."

Two days later my Lady Cornelius paid a call upon Parson Huxtable; and presently finding occasion to speak



THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR: OPENING OF THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN, SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

impulse of curiosity, Rubina followed them, dodging from shrub to shrub. The footman hammered upon the door with the butt of his blunderbuss, and Rubina saw the dim light flit from the long window at the side of the great dark house and appear in the open doorway. A minute's parley, of which Rubina could not distinguish the words, and the visitors entered the house. The door was shut, and the light again glimmered behind the red curtains of the long window. Rubina stole across the grass, and, crouching beside the sill beneath the broken pane, she peered into the room. My lady was seated on the settle in the angle, with her back towards the window. Uncle Zachary, who had removed his mask once more, stood facing her, candle in hand, and the footman stood behind him, in the shadow near the door.

"Have you ever a carriage, Sir, which could take me to Saxelby to-night?" my lady was saying. "I had intended to walk thither, but missed the way, and then we did meet a man—I think he was a miller—who did direct us here. You are Mr. Zachary Huxtable, are you not?"

Uncle Zachary said never a word, but stood staring at

of Sir Jasper Cornelius this night? I've a-lost 'un, somehow it seemeth."

"The very place, coachman!" cried Uncle Zachary. "Here be Sir Jasper and my lady and the lackey, all lost their way, belike. Drive up to door, will 'ee?"

The coach drove on, turned about, and stood before the steps. Rubina followed, concealing herself behind a clipped yew-tree that stood close by. Uncle Zachary came out of the house, and immediately returned, followed by my lady and the footman. Uncle Zachary handed my lady into the coach, the footman mounted behind, and Uncle Zachary again disappeared into the house, to return arm-in-arm with a short figure shrouded in a cloak, which he bundled headlong into the coach. As he slammed the door, there came a faint scream from my lady.

"What's the matter, farmer?" cried the coachman, turning about.

"Drive on, will 'ee," shouted the highwayman. "What! You won't?" and Rubina heard the click of a pistol as he cocked it, and the next moment there came a flash and a sharp report as Uncle Zachary fired into the air.

alone with Rubina, she desired her to relate the true story of her meeting with the highwayman. Rubina having done so, my lady gave her a purse containing five guineas.

"I would it were more, my dear," said she. "But our common acquaintance did present a bond for—for a great sum at the goldsmith's in Lincoln early yesternoon; so you see we must be a little miserly. But prithee keep my furred kirtle in exchange for your own, for Sir Jasper will not part with yours. And I need scarce let fall a hint to a person of intellects so quick as your own, my dear—but the less this little affair be talked about the better for all concerned. Do you not think so?"

"I can keep a secret finely," said Rubina.

Doubtless she could; but it may be that my lady's coachman could not, for unless one version or another of the story had run about the countryside and lingered there, how came it to be set down here?

Moreover, as the respected Mr. Zachary Huxtable vanished of a sudden from his farm and homestead, so the black mask of Oliver the Hobman disappeared from the King's highway, and people are seldom backward in remarking such singular coincidences.

THE END.

THE SPANISH - AMERICAN WAR.



1. H. Cavalry Squadron Ready to Start, 10.30 p.m.
2. Under Fire: A Hot Corner.

3. A Field-Philosopher: Our Artist Protecting his Sketches.
4. A Cuban Contingent on the March.

5. The Battery Ordered to the Front: A Cigarette by the Way.

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Unaddressed Letters. By F. A. Swettenham. (John Lane.)
The Revolution of St. Louis the Divine. By F. B. Money Counts. (John Lane.)
Ten Shakespeare Reference-Books. Being some Quotations from Shakespeare's Plays. By J. Stenson Webb. (Elliot Stock.)
English Contemporary Art. Translated from the French of Robert de la Sazeranne, by H. M. Poynter. (A. Constable.)
South American Sketches. By R. Crawford. (Longmans.)
Admiral Duncan. By the Earl of Camperdown. (Longmans.)
The Ladyship's Elephant. By David Dwight Wells. (William Heinemann.)
The Mischief-Maker. By Leslie Keith. (Richard Bentley and Son.)
Vauvresser, A Son of Rousseau (His Journal). Edited by Francis Bruno. (Methuen and Co.)

So far as these letters are descriptive of Eastern scenery or suggestive of Eastern legend they are enjoyable, and worthy of the author of "Malay Sketches," a book by an unprofessional writer that was received with delight about two years ago. But Sir Francis Swettenham, having been told he can write better than most of the trade, is too careless of his reputation. He is not always in the vein, yet he seems to find all his scribbling good enough for print. To his imaginary correspondents he discourses pleasantly on books and men, and things and ideas. But here and there his pleasant manner hardly hides the triviality of the matter, the commonplaceness of the thought, and the dullness of the incident chosen for description. When he has something to say he can say it well; but scenes and people at home are not very stimulating to him, and we hope his next book will be one of Malay stories.

Uphraid me not because I sing
 Outside the violets and the thyme,

says Mr. Counts, who would be judged by his thought. "The humblest reed, toned to the stream of thought," is "an apter wood for minstrels than the trellised rose." So be it. We will not judge him for his want of prettiness. Indeed, we are more inclined to rate him for losing his temper and for evil thinking. But he is a prophet, and prophets are privileged to be widely uncharitable when they cry "Woe, woe, and lamentation!" The time is out of joint, he thinks, with many of us. Love is dead in our hearts; a bastard takes its name. The real Love is a passionate pilgrim—the hotter the more virtuous. Monogamy is safeguarded by heat of emotion. When Love again visits the world, he will regenerate Art, teach Science its place—a humble one—and make Religion seem a poor thing. There is a fund of strong and right feeling in Mr. Counts, and we credit him with more than we have realised; for such a desuper of form does not stoop to be easily comprehensible. He has the gift of indignation. He is narrow-minded, but after a most original fashion—objecting equally to asceticism, prudery, and Wagner. "I know no light corrupter than Wagner falls," he sings. When his kingdom of Art is fulfilled, it will be instructive and uncharming. We shall all love intensely, but uncouthly. On the whole, we hope this its prophet may be elected not to the Department of the Fine Arts, but to that of Public Morals, as a jealous guardian of the code that will stand in the place of what he ingeniously calls the "Forty Articles save one."

Shakespeare concordances we know and gratefully make use of. Books of elegant Shakespearean extracts we expect the professor of elocution to compile. Till the end of time the dramatist will be the happy hunting-ground of faddists, who will prove anything they please out of his verse, from the case for Bimetallism to the English race as the lost tribe. These eccentricities are at least not motiveless. But what is one to make of Mr. Webb's compilation? "In reading through Shakespeare's plays from time to time," he says, "it occurred to the author [he means the editor] to jot down the passages which for one reason or another particularly struck him." One would like to know what was the reason for writing down, under the word "Adam," "And Adam was a gardener"; or under "Better days," "We have seen better days"; or under "No more," "Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me." It is extravagant of Mr. Webb to have his own private, and to us quite incomprehensible, note-book set up in type.

M. de la Sizeranne is, we fear, a snake in the grass, and the simple translator seems to have no inkling of it. She has been deceived by his enthusiastic praise of certain characteristics of some English painters, and it is doubtful if she has attached due importance to his conclusions drawn from these. Here is a summary of them: "It is to be regretted that it thus affords a proof that the intellectual and moral culture of man, the most thorough understanding of a subject, unwearied labour, the sentiment of the high mission of art, are not enough to produce a good picture, and that the English should demonstrate it." Now the translator has either ignored this, or shares his opinion, which she can only have reached by a similar process and a similar limitation of study to his own, not so pardonable in one bearing an English name. The French critic has read Ruskin, and has taken him for the spokesman of English art instead of the spokesman of English morality. Art, he has learnt, should be historical, or didactic, or conscientious, according to the code of the industrious cobbler. Then he judges all the pictures accordingly. If they tell a story, or point a moral, or are made after a slow niggling process, they are English. All the rest are anti-national. The conclusions he comes to are ludicrous. Of his chosen seven painters—they include Holman Hunt, Alma-Tadema, and Burne-Jones—Millais he finds the least English! Reynolds and Gainsborough had nothing English about them! Nor, we suppose, had Romney, nor old Cromie, nor any of our early landscape school, nor Turner, who certainly defied all his theories! M. de la Sizeranne is bound, of course, in order to maintain his position, to ignore all the painters that are living influences to-day—not merely Whistler, Sargent, and Abbey, whom he may say with precision are American, but all the vital Glasgow circle as well. As a source of information the book might have passed muster twenty years ago, not a year later. A critic of the art of to-day who does not even mention the work of Swan, Guthrie, Furse, the two Stotts, the Scottish

landscapeists, is incapable and mischievous. Really the translator might, in mercy, have edited some passages of a book that talks of "the poets Swinburne, Tennyson, and Comyns Carr"!

The writer of "South American Sketches" is a distinguished engineer, who was sent out to make a railway in Uruguay. Perhaps he thinks the public is not much interested in railways, save as shareholders, so, with a minimum of information on that subject, he gives one or two natural history observations, a few tame political anecdotes, and some not very breathless stories of adventure. From an elementary manual of geography you will pick up a good many more solid facts about Uruguay. Mr. Crawford is to be read for other reasons than information, and if you do not love him at the end, your heart is of stone. The irrelevant platitude is his strong point. "I will now turn to that part of the subject which relates to perils by water. The Latin poet tells us that the rustic waits for the river to flow past. He evidently thought that the rustic was an example of imbecility, for he adds, 'but it flows on and will continue to flow, through every revolving age.' Our own late Poet Laureate probably had these lines in his mind when he made the brook to say, 'But I go on for ever!'" We could quote twenty passages as delightful had we room. For him to name the human heart simply is not enough: he must call it "an organ conventionally accepted as being the source of man's warmest and most susceptible qualities." His sense of humour is extraordinary. He devotes a chapter to denying the truth of the saying, "littera scripta manet," because he has known of cases where the "written letter" did not remain, but flew up into the air and was lost, or was stolen from a mail-bag! As a writer of travels, Mr. Crawford has competitors, but regarded from a literary and philosophic point of view, he is *impayable*.

Although more than a century has elapsed since Duncan's victory, Lord Camperdown's is the first attempt to picture the man and his deeds. In spite of this lapse of time his biographer and descendant has compiled, chiefly from official letters, a book of singular interest. Duncan was one of the great seamen whom England found in that time of stress when the Dutch fleet was added to the coalition with which Napoleon was striving to wrest from her the command of the sea. The North Sea fleet was then formed, and Duncan was placed in command. Through the years 1795, 1796, and 1797 he kept a powerful Dutch fleet blockaded in the Texel, nor did he relax his grip even when deserted by his mutinous fleet. No finer example of devotion has ever been given than when Duncan anchored the *Venerable*, with but a single small ship in support, in the narrow passage of the Texel, prepared to sink at their anchors rather than let the Dutch fleet sail. His arduous cruising was rewarded by a meeting with the Dutch fleet off Camperdown, and the battle which ensued was one of the most bloody, as the victory was the most complete, which till that date had been won by the English navy. He carried on the blockade for two years more, when the surrender of the whole Dutch fleet completed the task he had carried out so well. But for Nelson's brilliant victories, which soon followed, Duncan's name would have been better known as one of the greatest of our Admirals.

In his preface to his most amusing "Her Ladyship's Elephant," Mr. Dwight Wells justifies the improbable pivot of its plot on the ground that it was founded on fact, and on the authority of a leading novelist who derided a critic for pronouncing that unnatural which had really occurred. Would the leading novelist or Mr. Dwight Wells approve of the introduction of a five-legged lamb into a cattle-pen, or a two-headed woman into a figure-piece in the Academy? What is only not impossible occasionally occurs, but its occurrence does not make it probable or natural. However, Mr. Dwight Wells manages skilfully his introduction of the elephant and his abduction of the wrong brides by the wrong grooms, and all the other amusing incidents of his tale, till towards its close, when he huddles his marionettes too hastily into their box.

Lack of probability is the last charge that could be brought against Leslie Keith's "The Mischief-Maker," whose characters, incidents, scenes, scenery, and atmosphere are absolutely natural. The Mischief-maker is so life-like and so repellent a figure that we find ourselves hoping vindictively that she is a real personage pilloried here by one of her victims. There are, however, a number of redeeming personages—no less natural—in the story who attract us as much as the ogress repels us, and we only regret that it should end in a Scotch drizzle of sadness. The lovers fail to fall in love with their true affinities with natural and melancholy results.

In his preface to "Vauvresser," Mr. Francis Bruno professes to present us with something infinitely more interesting than what Sainte-Beuve attempted and Madame George Sand meditated—a history of a supposititious son of Rousseau. "The manuscript published in this book was found after the writer had disappeared from his shop in Derby, and bears internal evidence, and came to light under circumstances which point to its having been written by one of J. J. Rousseau's children. . . . Writers and curious thinkers need not henceforth approach the subject on imaginative lines. The following pages contain an undoubtedly genuine account of the life of a true son of Rousseau." But, to begin with, the evidence is all against the possibility of Rousseau's having had any children. Mr. Bruno offers no evidence to prove that Rousseau had children, and no external evidence to prove that "Vauvresser" was written by a child of his; while, on the other hand, the internal evidence against such authorship is overwhelming. The very tone and thought and language of the book are all of to-day; and except that the autobiographer is as poor a creature and as consummate an egotist as his supposed father, there is absolutely nothing to connect the two. There is certainly nothing of Rousseau in the puerility of such philosophy as this: "But what an abyss separates the watchmaker from God, whom he emulates! It was easy enough to make

the first man; I believe that even a watchmaker could do that, if it had still to be done. But the transmission of life, that is the marvel—a marvel which repeats itself from man to man, from plant to plant, from heart to heart, and from rock to rock. . . . The *deus ex machina* is no match for the *deus absconditus*. The latter made perpetual life and perpetual movement; the former makes springs by drawing steel through fire and water. Yet great *is* Diana of the Ephesians! The Architect works out a plan which is neither lucid nor clear. I am the better workman. Any child may read my watches. The works He has put in my head are undecipherable." That a guide-post is simpler reading than "Hamlet" proves the play a failure!

A LITERARY LETTER.

I understand that "Anthony Hope" has dramatised "Rupert of Hentzau" on his own account and without the assistance of a collaborator. This does not imply any unfriendly sentiment towards Mr. Edward Rose, who dramatised "The Prisoner of Zenda"; indeed, Mr. Hope Hawkins is at the present moment spending a holiday at the chalet which Mr. Rose has been occupying for some time at the little town of Wimereux, on the French coast, four miles from Boulogne. "Anthony Hope's" next story, "Born in the Purple," will appear in the *Queen*, commencing in January.

Mr. John Lane, the publisher, is to be married to-day (Aug. 13) at Selborne, in Hampshire, the village associated with the famous Gilbert White's "Natural History," a book, by the way, of which Mr. Lane is issuing a charming edition. The bride is Mrs. Eichberg King, whose one or two interesting books, well known in America, will be published here at an early date—of course, by her husband.

The last issue of the *World* contains a severely satirical poem on the Omar Khayyam Club, in which the suggestion is conveyed that members are in the habit of paying for their dinner by the paragraph account of the proceedings which this or that member contributes to journals of the following day. In this connection I may state that the majority of the members of the Club—all, in fact, with whom I have come in contact—denom very strongly to the publicity which the Club has received. Several members of the committee have been engaged in considering the problem how this quite unnecessary advertisement can henceforth be avoided. The Club, which was never intended to be more than an inoffensive dining society, has undoubtedly provoked much irrelevant criticism. Members feel, however, that they can scarcely be blamed, in that a number of distinguished men have desired to be among their guests or to join their ranks. A certain measure of newspaper comment was thereby rendered inevitable. Reporters have again and again been refused admission to the Club's dinners.

There is a very trenchant and effective article on the Shakspeare-Bacon theory in the *Quarterly Review*. Unfortunately, the people who read a magazine of the solid and scholarly character of the *Quarterly* are not likely to be in any way bitten by the Bacon-Shakspeare heresy. It is, one knows, the class that never reads any really good literature at all that has accepted the ridiculous hypothesis, and I have already expressed the opinion that a popularly written book on this subject from the standpoint of the educated Shaksperian student would create a great deal of attention. An article in the *Quarterly* only appeals to those who know already full well that the plays and poems of Shakspeare were written by him and by none other, and that there is abundant and quite sufficient evidence of the fact.

In a recent paragraph announcing the conversion of the *New York Critic* into a monthly, I inaccurately described the *Literary World* of Chicago as a weekly paper. It is published fortnightly. It is not true, however, as stated elsewhere, that the *Dial* of Chicago is a weekly; the *Dial* is published monthly. The *Chap-Book* of Chicago has just been absorbed in it, so that there are now fewer purely literary journals than ever in America, and not one purely literary weekly. Judging by the precarious condition of one or two of our own literary weeklies, this gives us very little to boast of, the more particularly as the American public read far more books than we do, as many an English author who is drawing comfortable royalties from the States knows full well.

With regard to my suggestion that Stevenson's house should be transported from Samoa to England as the best memorial of Stevenson, the *Academy* informs us, on the word of a visitor to Samoa, that the house in question cost £3000 to build, and that the dining-room in particular is a substantial structure, quite impracticable of removal to Great Britain. I accept the correction with Dr. Johnson's well-known formula: "Ignorance, pure ignorance!" And, after all, it only necessitates a modification of my suggestion. I have it on the authority of a friend of Mrs. Stevenson that the whole estate at Vailima, including the house, would be disposed of for £2600. Now I venture to think that as a speculation, the sale might be very well brought about, and that a good portion of the house at least, including the room in which Stevenson worked and the room in which he died, might be transferred to this country, with advantage to everyone concerned in the transaction. It must be remembered that the £1400 which has so far been subscribed for a Stevenson memorial in no sense represents Stevenson's house upon the public. It was natural that hundreds should not subscribe when there was no definite plan. Certainly no plan which could in the least strike the imagination has been submitted to the public. I do not, of course, believe that my suggestion is likely to be carried out; I know too well the truthfulness of the public in these matters. But I do very fully believe that if three or four prominent admirers of Mr. Stevenson, including Lord Rosebery, were to agree that some scheme should be considered upon the lines that I have indicated, the thing would be entirely practicable. C. K. S.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.



THE LIVING AND THE DEAD: A SKETCH ON THE HILL AT SANTA ROSA.

By our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



END OF THE TRUCE.—GENERAL SUMNER AND STAFF: THE GENERAL ORDERS HIS STANDARD TO BE PLANTED.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN.

Described by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

The battle of San Juan and El Caney, at which I was present, was supposed to be an artillery duel, and I have generally been with that arm of the service. We occupied a ridge or shoulder of the hill at a place 2500 yards from the blockhouse and trenches of San Juan, called El Poso, which means the Well. Our men commenced the advance in the morning early, but, as you can see from the dense bush, and the single trail passing through, nothing much could be seen until they crossed the open country at the far end, and commenced the attack in earnest. All this time we had been sending shell at the blockhouse and trenches, hoping to clear them for the infantry. The Spaniards opened fire about 10.30. Their second shell, unfortunately, burst right in front of No. 3 gun, killing two and wounding five men. The rest of their fire went clean over the hill and burst among the Rough Riders, wounding a large number. Our horses suffered. Mine, unfortunately, got wounded, or was otherwise disabled, and had to be tied up along with the officers' mounts. A shell plumped in the bunch, stampeding them, and mine, among others, got lost in the dense bush, taking with him my saddle-bags, sketches, books, stamps, and everything I had except what I happened to have in hand. This loss was most unfortunate, as the heat and wet, with no roads, make going almost impossible, especially as one has to carry everything one requires blanket, water-proof, etc.

The battle was kept up all day. Our fellows stormed the hill in gallant style, driving out the Spaniards. Our marching orders came late at night. "You are to take up a position near the lines, to shell the town," was the command. No bugles being allowed, the men were told to get ready for the march as light and quiet as possible. A cavalry squadron was sent to convoy us through the road to our destination. The trees and bushes being lined by sharpshooters, soldiers and animals were shot at intervals through the day. Even the red cross was not exempt from these independent guerrillas: one doctor was shot and several patients wounded and killed—but this by the way. We managed our march by moonlight without any shots being fired. The place chosen for us was rather weird. Three dead men lay quiet and stiff in the dim, hazy light, one

so much in the way that our fellows had to move him to one side. We had no time to bury the poor fellow, but reverently placing his hat over his face, left him. All the digging had to be done in the gun-pits.

The place was exposed and bad for artillery. After a short council of war a despatch was sent to the General explaining the nature of the ground. Nothing could be done until the reply came, so we pulled out and lay down on the ground, snatching some sleep while waiting. At 1.30 or thereabouts the messenger returned, ordering us to take a more advanced position. Smart work had to be done during the few remaining hours of moonlight, but our fellows worked with a will, and by three o'clock were in some sort of position on the crest of the hill so gallantly won during the morning. A rifle-pit ran along the ridge, within a few yards of which we commenced to dig the gun-pits. As dawn broke, General Sumner came his rounds with his staff. After looking about, he explained that our right was to be protected by

General Lawton, and advised us all to keep pretty close, as he said, "When I call on my advanced pickets they will open fire." During this short wait, the Doctor and myself looked about for some sort of dressing place for any wounded, but could find none. Right away, some yards to the right, however, was a half-made gun-pit. Into this we huddled as some sort of shelter. Suddenly a shot snipped sharply through the raw morning air, then another, then a perfect hail of bullets and shrapnel burst over us. The guns, heavily worked by the cannoneers and officers, fired several rounds, only creating confusion as the smoke hung so that it formed an impenetrable screen. It may be that this saved many lives. In less than five minutes half-a-dozen men were down, the Captain wounded in the arm, and a Lieutenant had his hat pierced. The

ART NOTES.

The national competition of schools of art is primarily interesting to the prize-winners and their friends, incidentally also to the teachers, who thereby earn increased grants, and in an unappreciable degree to the taxpayers, who provide something little short of £100,000 a year for fostering British art. Do the results now exhibiting at the South Kensington Museum suggest that we get our money's worth? Apart from a very few examples, scarcely any of the selected works, of which we are told that there are more than 6500, point to any real artistic sense or inspiration. A deal level of scholastic propriety is apparent throughout, and one wonders how the teachers and inspectors and Departmental authorities understand their respective duties, and whether any definite aims have ever been indicated to the pupils. The really redeeming feature of the display is the increased prominence given to designs for industrial work, and we regard with special satisfaction that a student at the People's Palace, Mile End (Mr. Edwin Evans), has been adjudged worthy of a gold medal for a ceiling design. Battersea carries off the medal for designs for printed muslins, Glasgow for wall-papers, and New Cross for posters—the first time, we believe, on which this branch of art has been officially acknowledged. It seems a little strange that from Salford, not generally regarded as a centre of metal-work, should come the best designs for a silver cruet-stand and finger-bowls; while Birmingham carries off not only a gold medal, but the Princess of Wales's scholarship for a set of designs for panels to be worked in embroidery. Book-illustration and book-binding are also recognised as coming within the scope of the examiners' awards, but by far the larger proportion are given for studies from life or the cast. It is urged in defence of this preference that the more perfection a student shows in drawing the human figure, the greater his or her aptitude for decorative work. This may be so, but we fear that we might add, the greater the temptation to join the nameless throng of picture-makers from whose ranks at very rare intervals the true artist emerges.

The restoration of the palace of Versailles called forth the very just criticism of those who were desirous of seeing the features of the original building preserved. The results, however, of the rearrangement of its

contents are so great that much will be forgiven to the Ministry of Fine Arts. A number of new rooms have been thrown open to the public, and several series of historical pictures of the highest interest are now exhibited in a satisfactory way. A collection of upwards of a hundred drawings illustrating the campaigns of Bonaparte in Italy, from sketches made on the spots, have been arranged in chronological order. In addition to the military events of the campaigns there are drawings of the French Commissioners carrying away the famous pictures of Correggio at Parma, Bonaparte directing the French batteries at the siege of Mantua to be shifted in order to spare the works of Giulio Romano in the Palazzo del Tè; the Austrian boats on the Lago di Garda firing upon Josephine when driving to Desenzano. In another room will be found eighty drawings by Gérôme of the principal personages of the early part of the century, not merely portraits, but forming the chief figures in groups of historical interest.



THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR: DURING THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

gunners were ordered to lie close, the fire of the guns was silenced, and our only idea was how to get out of such a hot corner as well as we could. During a lull in the tempest orders were given to back the guns down the hill to the teams. This was done in good order. At the foot of the hill we harnessed up and pulled out. During this time the shot and shell were flying about as thick as ever. Reinforcements along the road came crouching along, trying to get some shelter, not only from the bullets ahead, but also the sharpshooters in the trees. At Bloody Bend, a turn in the road which crosses the river San Juan rather awkwardly, we were actually brought to a halt by these, the snipers. Here we had more men wounded and horses shot. On either side of the road were wounded men in the various dressing and first-aid stations, a brigade coming along to the front causing blocks and confusion, which lasted all the way back to El Poso, which position, a little higher up, we again occupied.



BEFORE THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN: ARTILLERY GETTING INTO POSITION.

From a Sketch by our Spanish Artist, Mr. H. C. SEPULCRA, Madrid.



HYDE PARK: THE LAST OF THE SEASON.



"ONCE UPON A TIME."

From the Painting by Edith Sonnell.



THE COWES REGATTA.—TOWN CUP DAY: ON THE RAMPARTS OF THE OLD BATTERY.



THE COWES REGATTA: THE QUEEN DRIVING PAST THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON CLUB.

Drawn by Melton Prior.



1. Royal Yacht Squadron Match for £100: The "Ailsa" setting her Spinnaker.

2. The Royal Yachts Illuminated.

THE COWES REGATTA.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

For the next few weeks there will be little variety in the sketches of the deceased statesman who has gone to the well-earned rest, full of years and honours. The greatest achievement of his life—in fact, his life's achievement—was so stupendous as practically to overshadow all other events of the history of Europe of the latter half of the nineteenth century. The man has been so thoroughly identified with his work as to leave little room for contemplation of the man apart from that work. It is taken for granted that he, and he alone, was the founder of the new German Empire; that Bismarck, Moltke, and Wilhelm I. of Prussia were not only so many instruments in his hand, but simply blind instruments. This is by no means the case, especially as regards the Sovereign who disappeared a decade before his Chancellor; nevertheless, Mr. Charles Lowe, one of the three best-informed English writers on the subject of Bismarck, tacitly contributes to the spreading of the error. "I have always been able to talk over my old master, although not to convince him," Mr. Lowe makes Bismarck say. "I have not the least doubt that Bismarck uttered the sentence, and believed it to be true; I am perfectly certain that Wilhelm I. was never 'talked over' if he did not feel convinced."

At the same time, it should be stated that Wilhelm did not always take the trouble publicly to contradict the prevailing opinion, but among his immediate entourage, and, above all, in his private correspondence with his fellow-Sovereigns, he gave the error a short shrift. "No measure is taken that has not been approved by me first," he wrote in a very angry letter, dated Sept. 3, 1875, to Pius IX., who had suggested that the persecution of the Catholics had, no doubt, been instigated without his (Wilhelm's) knowledge. And to prove that this knowledge of everything that was going on was not an empty profession on the Emperor's part, we have Bismarck's own sally to M. de Saint-Vallier, the French Ambassador at Berlin: "He" (Wilhelm) "shakes me up now and again, and I should be a good deal more comfortable without those frequent little notes from his hand with which he honours me."

There was, however, one piece of common ground on which the Sovereign and his adviser met, and which made genuine co-operation more easy, especially in the matter of home politics. The powers and prerogatives of the Crown were, according to Wilhelm, to be placed absolutely beyond the reach of the attempts of the Parliament, the rôle of which should remain purely consultative. Wilhelm had no love for Parliamentary institutions, which had been virtually forced upon his immediate predecessor and brother, Friedrich-Wilhelm IV., and when that Parliament in the course of years became more progressive, as the Parliamentarians said—more turbulent, radical, and encroaching, as Wilhelm thought, the "no love" was changed into positive dislike. His feelings in that respect were fully shared by his Minister, Mr. Lowe was thoroughly justified in saying, "His sympathies (Bismarck's) were all with his Sovereign, the 'people' being a something which he heartily despised and distrusted."

Mr. Lowe, owing to the inexorable conditions of space, could not tell his readers the growth of this contempt and distrust, for the germs were there from the beginning—they were inbred. Mr. Lowe will not mind my dotting his i's and crossing his t's for once. I shall be delighted if he will do the same thing for me when the opportunity presents itself. The contempt and distrust of Bismarck for the "people" were fully developed in him before he was thirteen, the age at which was painted the portrait that appeared last week in this paper. At six, young Otto was sent to a boarding-school at Berlin, Plamann's, whither his elder brother, Bernhard, had preceded him. The school, in spite of the high fees charged, £45 per annum, which would be equivalent to about £70 to-day, was conducted on pseudo-Spartan principles. "The food, though simple, was good," says my informant, Bismarck's schoolfellow, Kriger, whose little book is almost unknown, although it deserves to be widely known. And Kriger gives the bill of fare for every day of the week. To judge by that, Kriger must have been easily satisfied. I have too often dwelt at length in these columns upon Bismarck's enormous appetite to need to do more in this instance than refer to it. When I add, however, that short measure and poor quality were aggravated us to their evil effects upon a robust, hearty boy by incessant athletics, I have said enough to show that young Otto was far from comfortable at Plamann's.

Nevertheless, neither the plain fare nor the excessive gymnastics disgusted him half as much as the ostentatious Gallophobia and the obtrusive "Jingoism" of the boarders, for the word only is of recent coinage, the feeling it is supposed to represent is old enough. What he disliked still more than the Gallophobia and "Jingoism" was the aggressive democracy of most of his schoolfellows and teachers. The man who became a greater scourge to the French than Napoleon I. had been to the Germans, the man who proved himself a patriot in the best sense of the word, had from his boyhood an utter abhorrence of the cheap and flash imitation of patriotism; and although he soon convinced those young democrats that a gentleman may have some "grit" in him, the repugnance to democracy itself never wore off. That repugnance was practically the first point of contact between the young Junker and his future Imperial master. It was the handle of the weapon they subsequently wielded in common.

For the convenience of passengers travelling to and from North Germany, Norway, Denmark and Sweden, via Harwich and the Hook of Holland, arrangements have been made for a dining-car to run between the Hook and Rheine, thus enabling passengers to breakfast and dine en route. By this service passengers leaving London in the evening arrive at Hamburg the next afternoon, Berlin being reached in the evening, and Copenhagen the following morning.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2828 received from Upendrasath Muttu (Chennai); of No. 2830 from Charles Field, Junior (Albion, Me.); of No. 2831 from E. G. Boys, W. H. Lunn (Cheltenham); E. N. gent (Southwell); and J. Whittingham (Walspool); of No. 2832 from C. E. M. (Ayr), James Lees (Port Glasgow), C. E. H. (Chifton), E. G. Boys, 4, Cuscut (Southwell), J. P. Tucker (Tilley), John Bailey (Swan Stratford), T. G. Ware, and Captain J. A. Canlie (Great Yarmouth).

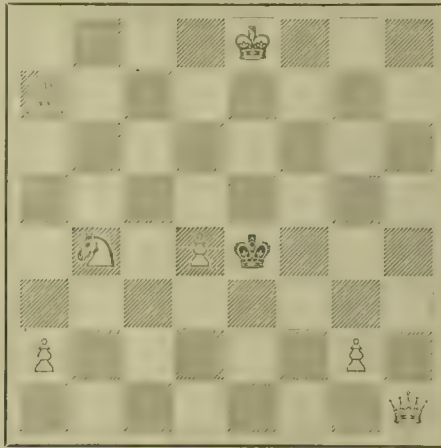
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2833 received from Brian Harley (Salton Walden), C. E. H. (Chifton), Captain Spencer, J. Whittingham (Walspool), C. E. M. (Ayr), Alpha, Henry Orme (Bristol), T. Roberts, Shadforth, F. Hawkins (Camberwell), Sorrento, Dr. P. St. P. F. (Southsea), J. Bailey (Newark), T. W. Hayward, and E. B. Ford (Cheltenham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2831.—By B. G. LAWS.
WHITE.
1. Kt to K 6th
2. Mate.

BLACK.
Any move.

PROBLEM No. 2834.—By W. BIDDLE.

IT VAS.



WHITE.

What to play, at least in three moves.

CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played between MESSRS. TARRASCH and PILSBURY.

(Hugh Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to a 4th	21. P to B 4th	P to Q 6th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. B to K 4th	R to K 2nd
3. B to K 5th	Kt to B 3rd	23. P to Q 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd
4. Castles	P to K 3rd	24. P to K R 3rd	R to K R 4th
5. Kt to K sq	Kt to Q 3rd	25. P takes P	K takes P
6. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd	26. B to Q 5th	
7. B to Q 3rd			
A peculiar but not unknown variation. Perhaps B to B sq is better now for White. But the text moves prove good enough.			
8. B takes Kt	Kt takes Kt	27. B takes Kt	K to K 2nd
9. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	28. P to K 5th	P to B 3rd
This is considered necessary to prevent Kt to Q 5th, but Black is contented at home with his King's side pieces for some time.			
10. Q to R 5th	P to K Kt 3rd	29. P to K 4th	B to K 4th
11. Q to B 3rd	Kt to K sq	30. P to Q 2nd	R to K R sq
12. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th		
13. B to K 2nd	P to K 3rd		
14. Q R to Kt sq	Kt to K 2nd		
15. R (K 5) to K 2	B to B 3		
16. B to R 3rd	P to K sq		
17. Kt to Q sq	P to Q 5th		
18. P to B 3rd	R to K 3rd		
19. Kt to K 3rd	P to Q 2nd		
20. P to K 3rd	P to Q 4th		
21. R to Q B 3rd	B to B 2nd		
22. P takes B	P takes Kt		
23. P takes B	R to K 3rd		

CHESS IN MONTREAL.

Game played between MESSRS. JANOWSKY and TAYLOR.

(Altipier Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. P to K Kt 3rd	K to R 3rd
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	12. Q to Q 2nd	P to R 4th
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	13. P to K 3rd	B to K 2nd
4. P to R 4th	P to Kt 5th	14. Kt to K 4th	
5. Kt to Kt 5th	Q to K 2nd		
A possible move, but no improvement on the usual P to K 3rd, forcing White to give up the Knight for the K R P. All such games as this are lost by the amateur through ignorance of the correct lines of play in the chief openings.			
6. B to B 4th	Kt to K R 3rd	15. P to K 4th	P takes Kt
7. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd	16. R takes B	P takes B
8. B takes P		17. R takes B	Kt to Q 2nd
As a consequence of inferior opening moves Black has a poor game.			
9. Castles	P to Q 3rd	18. B takes P	Kt to B sq
10. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	19. P to Q 7th	Q takes B
		20. R takes Kt (ch)	R takes R
		21. K takes Q	Resigns.

The tie between Messrs. Tarrasch and Pilsbury for the first prize in the Vienna Congress had to be played off in accordance with the rules of the tournament, and as a result Dr. Tarrasch won two games, Pilsbury one, and one was drawn. By this victory Dr. Tarrasch stamps himself as probably the finest tourney-player chess has yet known, besides, if my memory serves us rightly, establishing a record in first-class contests. Mr. Pilsbury very nearly repeated his great London coup, but there were not wanting very many who saw that the strain of play was telling more upon him than upon his successful opponent. His performance, however, was a fine one, and virtually ranks equal to that of the outright winner.

The breakfast-car is the latest enterprise of the Great Eastern Railway. That energetic company is now building some new bogie carriages on board which passengers on certain morning trains to London from Norfolk and Suffolk will be able to breakfast. The new cars will be fifty-five feet long, and will accommodate first and third class passengers. The breakfast-car will run between two vestibule saloon carriages, first class at one end, third at the other, and these carriages will also be fitted with tables, so that passengers who so desire may have breakfast served there. The tariff will be moderate.

Those who wish to spend a pleasant holiday in Ireland, with economy of time and the greatest amount of sight-seeing, ought to study "The Sunny Side of Ireland," a handy guide-book written in an interesting and intelligent fashion, and full of attractive illustrations. The book tells how to see Ireland by the Great Southern and Western Railway, and with its maps, pictures, and letter-press forms a most handy compendium of information.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The meeting of the British Medical Association in Edinburgh must be regarded, I suppose, in the light of a great success, socially speaking. Scientifically regarded, I do not know that the results can be estimated at a supreme value. In one section, at least, I noticed speeches on important topics were limited to ten minutes' duration, and I fancy this rule of closure applied throughout. Grave matters of medicine cannot be discussed on this penny-in-the-slot principle, but I suppose the papers themselves will be read at leisure in the Journal of the Association, and it is to be hoped will be duly digested and assimilated in the interests of suffering humanity.

Professor Annandale's address on surgery touched on some points lying apart from his main topic but specially interesting to the outsider. In one passage on the "demands of society," the Professor, wiser than a good many of his brethren, recognised that the doctor in one sense exhibits a fundamental principle of economics in that he represents a supply arising in response to a demand. There will always be a demand for honest, skilful, tender-hearted doctors, and it is inevitable that doctors, like parsons, will be discussed by the public. I go further, and say that there is no adequate reason why the doctor may not be discussed, equally with the judge and the bishop. You may find much ignorance displayed in the criticism, but there are sympathy and interest to be reckoned with as well. I am one of those who maintain that the day is past when technicalities reigned supreme, and when professions were supposed to be guarded by some extraordinary "park palings" in the way of mystic knowledge. Medicine will always be a profession barred as to its ways and methods from the understanding of the laity; but none the less, people are getting to know the broad facts of hygiene for instance, are learning something of the true nature of the doctor's work and duties, and are able to gauge, in some degree, the doctor's ability as well. This is all matter for congratulation. Even the articles in newspapers on professional subjects, which Professor Annandale shied at somewhat, if judiciously written, are educative. His own address (published next day in all the newspapers) comes under the category of excellent reading; and surely Sir H. Thompson's articles on foods and feeding in the *Nineteenth Century* are not to be condemned because they are written by an eminent surgeon, or because they deal with a phase of science of great importance, and one, I will add, much neglected by the average medical man. As for criticism of doctors at "afternoon teas and other entertainments," let the Professor take heart! It is only the old ladies (of both sexes) who will ever say anything unkind of the doctor at such functions, and nobody nowadays minds the dicta of these venerable persons.

Among the papers read at the Association which stand out prominently in a sociological aspect that of Dr. John Sibbald, H.M. Commissioner in Lunacy for Scotland, on the "Statistics of Suicide in England and Scotland," deserves special remark. Dr. Sibbald, than whom no man is better qualified to deal with statistical matters, throws a flood of light on a topic grim enough no doubt, but full of interest for the student who dips into the ways and byways of humanity. There is, it is said, an increase in suicide in recent times. It is also said that insanity has increased. Dr. Sibbald showed the fallacy of the latter opinion, a point I duly noted a year or so ago in this column.

The suicide average annual rate per million of population for England and Wales for quinquennial periods rose from 67 in 1865-69 to 86 in 1891-94. For Scotland, for the same periods, the figures are 40 and 54 respectively. For England from 1865 to 1894 the average annual rate per million was 74 and for Scotland 48. Here, apparently, we find grounds for the belief that suicide is on the increase; but Dr. Sibbald speedily disabuses our minds of that fallacy, and thus gives us encouragement in respect of the tendencies of the times. Thus, first of all, sources of error creep in. Deaths returned as due to simple drowning may be really suicidal in character, and errors of this kind, although perhaps tending to increase the figures, at least show the possibility of mistakes being made on the other side as well. An examination of the methods of suicide show certain curious phases and figures. Hanging is the favourite means of shuffling off the mortal coil in both countries, and drowning ranks next in order; but Dr. Sibbald proves incontestably that although the English rate here is higher than the Scottish average, there is no evidence at all of an actual increase of suicides, even by this common method. In Scotland, Forfar and Kincardine have the highest rates in respect of suicide by hanging, but even there no appreciable increase or decrease can be ascribed to have occurred.

In the case of firearms and cutting or stabbing, as means of suicide, Dr. Sibbald wisely points out that here the disputable question of possible accident intervenes. Again, he finds the rate steady to a remarkable degree in the two countries, and it is notable that a source of error to be taken into account in this connection is found in the registration of deaths as suicides in the later period, which would have been registered as deaths by accident in the earlier period. The tendency nowadays is to pity rather than to blame the man who takes his own life; and this pity renders concealment of the actual nature of the death less necessary or desirable than it was considered to be in the earlier epochs. With poisoning and drowning, the suicide rate rises in both countries, and the rates for accidents decrease. Here, again, the more accurate registration of the causes of death is a factor to be reckoned with. The results agree practically with those for suicide by shooting, and wounding. If Dr. Sibbald's views be correct, and I think they are practically incontrovertible, they give us all a certain amount of comfort in the shape of the idea that with all our nerve-tension and our modern worries, the act of self-destruction is not on the increase, and that humanity can still in its old degree afford to suffer and be strong.



THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH: THE FIRST ONE TO THE BAG.

LADIES' PAGE.

White is no longer considered the exclusive appanage of the girl in her teens. This is largely due to the Duchesses of Devonshire, whose elegance and grace give her such a leading position in the world of the fashion of dress, though, as we all know, she is the grandmother of grown-up grandchildren. She almost always wears white as the



A CHARMING TEA-GOWN.

principal portion of her evening dresses, and one of her Goodwood gowns was white muslin trimmed with black lace. She thus has enabled the world to see that black is as complimentary to an elderly woman as to a young one. A great mass of white, however, has not so pleasing an effect as can be produced by a judicious admixture of some other colour, and especially of black. An entire white dress fails to look cool in sunshine. White is, in point of fact, the coolest wear possible. A great agriculturist, one of the first to endeavour to bring all points connected with farming under the domain of science, once instituted a series of experiments, both in summer and in winter, to ascertain which colour would be the coolest for the outside of barns; and by laying patches of black, white, and other coloured cloths upon snow, and measuring the rapidity with which it turned into water under direct rays of heat, and by some other similar experiments, he conclusively proved for all time that white throws off the rays of the sun much more effectually than any other tint. But, though we may apply this to ourselves and be assured that a white dress is cooler in the hot summer weather than even the palest of colours, we have also to take into consideration the effect that is produced by it. Now, the same quality in white that makes it cool to the wearer—that of throwing off the sun's rays—produces a dazzling effect on the eye of the spectator, unless the expanse be broken by a judicious intermixture of something rather darker.

This is especially the case, as you may observe if you will notice, with materials that have a more or less shiny surface, such as linen, duck, or drill. The softer textures, such as muslin and cambric, have more the effect of the light passing through them than the vivid reflection that is so trying when sent back from the bright-surfaced materials. Hence it follows that the effect of a white duck or drill dress is improved by the addition of a collar and cuffs, or a front, or revers, of some other colour, such as pale blue or indigo, while even white muslin looks all the better for being relieved either by plenty of gathered lace or by an appliqué of black lace, here and there.

Wide flounces round the feet are so uncomfortable that many of the best dresses lately turned out have avoided them altogether, although, of course, it is necessary that there should be a considerable sweep of fullness to give the look of being up to the date of the moment.

The more the skirt is trimmed, the less necessity there is to have it cut full. And trimmings on skirts are most popular. A plain grey cashmere has ribbon velvet of the same tone worked all over it in a wavy design. A black cloth of fine texture is decorated with three rows of very narrow ribbon—green in the centre and black velvet on either side of it—wandering all over the surface in wide meanderings, such as a little snake might possibly trace for himself if shut up with the material spread out; no design, but admirable confusion of curves and interwindings. Skirt lengths thus decorated are coming into the market presently. Meantime there are simpler ways of trimming that do not need special skill or time—as good appliqué work of any kind certainly does: the ordinary staff of a dressmaker's

rooms is not capable of such elaborate decoration. But the dressmaker may safely attempt to produce the be-trimmed effect, even if she have no embroideries supplied to match the robe, by lace trimmings for a light skirt, or braid or ready-made passementerie for a more substantial one.

Here is a pretty design for a silk frock that does away with excessive width by the aid of much trimming: the front breadth is a plain, rather narrow tablier, trimmed down at each side with a strip of lace; the side breadths are decorated from hip to hem with graduated flounces of the silk itself, the top one only an inch and a half deep, and the width of it just across the hip, while the bottom becomes some five inches deep and of course extends all across the side breadth. The back of the skirt is pleated in as neatly as possible, this helping to give the close look round the hips that is desired. The thicker skirts of by and by will probably not open at the back, but, in order to lie as closely as possible there, they will be fastened as a cycling-skirt is, at the side, with buttons on either hip. In the meantime, "bunchiness" at the back should be always suppressed as far as possible, while yet allowing of the skirt falling gracefully. The bodice of this dress was cut open from the waist, showing a vest of pleated white muslin, edged at either side by lace that corresponded with that trimming the sides of the tablier, and the vest was barred across with three rows of velvet ribbon of a tone harmonising with the silk.

Another alternative to the full flounce is an over-skirt, coming more or less far down above the under-one, and trimmed along its edges. A black grenadine in this mode was kilted as regarded the under-skirt, and laid over a bright green silk lining; the over-skirt, reaching at the back and sides to rather lower than the knee, was cut rounded away from the front to fall open up to the waist, and was of green and white taffetas, and edged with black Chantilly lace laid back on the over-skirt. The under-bodice was similarly of kilted grenadine over bright green, with a bolero of the green and white taffetas edged with black lace, turning back over the shoulders in a wide revers, or collar, covered with the black lace, and leaving the grenadine visible above so as to form a yoke; belt and collar-band were of black satin ribbon.

A tea-gown is a most indispensable garment for country-house visiting at the shooting season. "Picador" shows us the dress to follow the guns in, tramping over the prickly heather and through the damp patches of bog here and there. It is suitably a workmanlike gown of rough cloth in a broken check, bound round the foot (well above the ground, too) with leather; the vest and revers are also of leather, and the belt, passing through the side seams, of the same sturdy fabric. After hours spent under the skies in this garb, how charming the contrast of the deliciously flowing lines of that most feminine garment, the tea-gown depicted! It is built of silk, with front, bow, and hanging sleeves of chiffon. The loose front is edged with a wide band of lace, bordered with bouillonnées of chiffon.

Though Holland is so small, and, internationally speaking, so unimportant a country, the approaching enthronement of the young Queen will attract the sympathetic attention of the whole world, mainly because her youth and her sex give her a peculiar interest. We here, remembering our two illustrious Queens, Elizabeth and Victoria, who both came to the throne at an early age and lived to be very old, will feel a peculiar interest in the opening of the possibly long career of the young Queen of Holland. Queen Elizabeth had, no doubt, a great advantage in not ascending her troubled and anxious throne until she had attained the comparative maturity of twenty-five; by that time she had acquired sufficient calmness of judgment and sufficient knowledge of mankind to steer a wise course. Poor Mary Queen of Scots went back to face all the political and bigoted intrigues of her realm when she was but eighteen, and it probably would have been far better for her had she been able to defer taking the sceptre into her own hands for some years later. But in the case of the little Queen of Holland, there is no more apprehension of trouble and difficulty than there was when our own Queen ascended her throne and took the management of

her life into her own hands at the same early age of eighteen.

That fertile source of trouble, religious bigotry, is even more completely absent from Holland now than it was from England in 1837; for when Queen Victoria came to the throne the futile discontent of the Duke of Cumberland with the law which did not permit him to supersede his niece found such small expression as it could secure by an appeal to the Orange lodges of Ireland. In Holland religious equality is so thoroughly established that, in order to avoid any chance of ill-feeling in any quarter, no religious ceremony at all accompanies the acceptance by the young Queen of her hereditary responsibilities. She will indeed be enthroned in a church, and will there make a solemn declaration of her intention to maintain the laws and the liberties of her people; but no minister of any sect will perform a coronation ceremony.

She has consented to receive only one personal gift in connection with her enthronement, and this is to take the form of a magnificent state carriage, to be lined with a silk brocade that is also to be elaborately embroidered, chiefly in silver. Though the Court dress for the great occasion is being prepared, a full description of it is still withheld; but four of the best embroideresses in Holland are carrying out a magnificent French design in silver and pearls upon a white silk ground, which is to form the train, and it is supposed that the under-dress will be white embroidered silk, muslin, and lace. The Queen Regent has ordered a silver medal to be struck, which may be purchased by the public just as our Jubilee tokens could be, at a fixed price corresponding to the value of the silver used. It is struck with a bust of the young Queen, surrounded by an inscription in Dutch, meaning, "The crown of a Queen is the love of her people." On the other side is a figure of Peace, with the Royal Palace of Amsterdam in the background, and the edge bears the inscription: "Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands."

By-the-way, the church in which the enthronement is to take place contains a monument of De Ruyter, the Dutch Admiral, who, in the unhappy days of Charles II., chased the British fleet to the mouth of the



A DRESS FOR THE MOORS.

Thames, and flew his flag in triumph in the Medway for a short time. The little Queen, like many other foreign Princesses, had an English governess; and, being a sweet-tempered girl, she was on excellent terms with her governess, as a rule; but occasionally, if there had been a little squabble, the Englishwoman would find lying about somewhere a sketch of several ships flying the British flag running away, and a Dutch ship in pursuit, with the legend underneath it, "De Ruyter and the British in the Thames"! FILOMENA.

'No Voice however feeble lifted up for Truth Ever Dies.'—Whittier.

HUMAN NOBLENES!

'Every Noble Crown is, and on earth will for ever be, A CROWN OF THORNS.'—T. Carlyle.



PLATO meditating on Immortality before SOCRATES, the BUTTERFLY, SKULL, and POPPY about 401 B.C.

courtesies of war—he spares the woman and the child; but Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. She spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity; for some awful but most good reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child, with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Ah! would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of PREVENTABLE AGONY OF MIND and BODY—which exists in England year after year.—*Kingsley.*

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'HEALTH is the GREATEST of all POSSESSIONS; and 'tis a maxim with me that a **HALE COBBLER** is a **BITTER MAN** than a **SICK KING**.'—*Dickens.*

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WAR!

O world! O men!

What are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay as if death had but this one gate?—*Byron.*

'In Life's Play the Player of the Other Side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always Fair, Just, and Patient, but we also know to Our Cost that he never overlooks a mistake. It's for you to find out WHY YOUR EARS ARE BOXED.'—*Huxley.*

DESTINY, or to Live for this Day ONLY.

THE COST OF WAR. 'GIVE ME THE MONEY that has been SPENT in WAR and I will PURCHASE EVERY FOOT of LAND upon the Globe; I WILL CLOTHE every MAN, WOMAN, and CHILD in an attire of which KINGS and QUEENS would be proud; I WILL BUILD a SCHOOL-HOUSE on EVERY HILL-SIDE and in every valley over the whole earth; I WILL BUILD an ACADEMY in EVERY TOWN, and endow it, a college in every state, and will fill it with able professors; I WILL CROWN every hill with a PLACE OF WORSHIP consecrated to the promulgation of the GOSPEL OF PEACE; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference, and the VOICE OF PRAYER and the SONG OF PRAISE should sound like a UNIVERSAL HOLOCAUST to HEAVEN.'—*Richard.*

Why All this Toil and Strife? There is Room enough for All.

WHAT IS TEN THOUSAND TIMES

MORE TERRIBLE THAN REVOLUTION OR WAR?

'I WILL TELL YOU WHAT IS TEN TIMES and TEN THOUSAND TIMES MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR—**OUTRAGED NATURE!!!** SHE KILLS AND KILLS, and is NEVER TIRED OF KILLING TILL SHE HAS TAUGHT MAN THE TERRIBLE LESSON HE IS SO SLOW TO LEARN, THAT NATURE IS ONLY CONQUERED BY OBEYING HER. . . . Man has his

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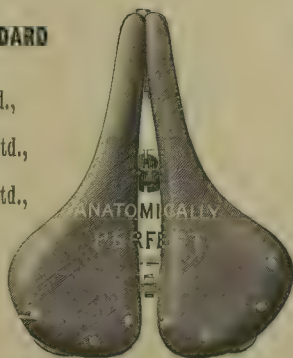
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MUSIC.

The silence of the tomb has fallen upon the London musical world. From one point of view, there is a humorous and somewhat ridiculous element in that bald and apparently insignificant statement. For the London musical world is so utterly and so unmistakably devoted to fashion that it begins with fashion, it moves and has its being in fashion, and it closes with fashion. Otherwise, we could not have what by another explanation would be the mysterious and unintelligible fact of an opera season progressing simultaneously with an excited and perverted concert season. While the drums and trumpets and cymbals of Wagner have been calling a loyal discipleship from near and far around the operatic banners in the afternoons and in the evenings, the givers of concerts have no less persistently been tinkling their little triangles and calling those who pass by their booths to come inside and inspect their wares.

And very few, indeed, have paused to inspect those wares. In a word, a fact of which readers of these columns are doubtless aware, the concert season has not exactly had a real share of critical attention paid to it during the past few weeks. It has been the same everywhere; and yet there have been some interesting episodes to recall, which, however, cannot be recited in any detail now. The Patti concerts, the Maurel recitals, with the reappearance of the Doustos in London, Irish recitals, Scotch recitals, any number of recitals given by specialists, violinists, music-teachers, harpists, what not, have been the order of the day; but they have gone, and left not a wrack behind. Let us bury the concert season in the tomb to which the London musical world has descended.

But though the singing-birds of London have ceased to chirrup, the Continental towns, where music and opera decently sung and decently staged may be heard, are beginning to put upon themselves seasonable garments. Among these, one of the chief in distinction is Munich, which even now is indulging its musical tastes. The Intendant, Herr von Possart, very steadily pursues his artistic ideals in continuing that revival of Mozart's works, under the best conditions, which have already secured so general a share of admiration on all sides. This year he gives us "Cosi fan Tutti," "Il Seraglio," "Figaro," and "Don Giovanni," at the Residenz Theater. We gather that, for the first time, too, this season, the Hof-Theater will also be utilised for Mozart's work, for it is there that the performances of "Zauberflöte" are taking place.

Nor is Wagner being neglected by this industrious and vigorous manager. In fact, at the Hof-Theater, with the two extreme exceptions of "Die Feen" on the one side and of "Parsifal" on the other, all Wagner's works will be performed this year. The "Ring," however, will only be given once, during four days of the last week in September. The list of artists engaged for these performances is extremely interesting, and includes among others the name of Pauline Ternina, who made a success that was almost sensational this year at Covent Garden.

From many points of view, scarcely (if at all) less interesting should be the Berlioz Cycles which have been



The illustration represents the Wimbledon Cup, value £50, which was won by Mr. J. Marko Wood, of the Cambridge University Volunteers, at the recent Bisleby Rifle Meeting, with a H.P.S. of 50 marks. This time-honoured cup has been supplied by Messrs. Hancock and Co., of New Bond Street, for the last thirty years.

the civilised world, the listlessness of the same body of men in regard to Berlioz has resulted in a profound and gloomy ignorance, in nearly every quarter, of the musical achievement of that extraordinary man.

For that reason alone Mottl's experiment—for broadly speaking it may be so described—should be exceedingly interesting, and one may be quite sure that at Carlsruhe all that is possible will be done to secure a genuine success. Berlioz was so far unlike Wagner that he knew nothing of the grand uses of advertisement. Wagner, with all his immense genius, was one of the luckiest and most successful advertisers of his own artistic wares that ever lived. Berlioz had no less of a belief in himself than Wagner had; but Berlioz built no Bayreuth; his egotism was personal rather than for the sake of his art, and he died without a following, without a fervent discipleship, and without having accomplished the peculiarly Wagnerian feat of educating the world up to his own levels. And yet, in his own way, Berlioz was at times as big an artist and as modern a musician as Wagner himself.

THE ROYAL PAVILION HOTEL, FOLKESTONE.

This old-established hotel, famous during many years for its wholesome dainty cuisine, its excellent wines, and quiet home-like orderliness of refinement, has been almost entirely rebuilt and remodelled. Not that its olden and

well-ordered lines—conservative it may be—have been departed from. On the contrary, standing as it does today, set in its well-shaven lawns, with its bold carriage sweep and gay parterres of summer flowers, the building suggests rather the family mansion than the ordinary hotel. Indeed, so wisely and cleverly has the architect (Colonel R. W. Edis, F.S.A.) planned the rebuilding, with a view to avoiding the barrack or flat-like aspect of many huge modern caravanserais, that at first sight one scarcely realises how capacious the hotel really is or how many guests it will accommodate. Close by the south and grand entrance—screened from the public rooms, and having exit and entrance to the lawn and sea-front, is the lounge, occupying the very centre of the new building. The treatment in the decorative furnishing here is unique in its interesting features; and it is only due to Maple and Co., Limited, of Tottenham Court Road, London, and Paris, to say that everything is in perfect taste. Adjoining the lounge is an exceedingly bright and cheerful smoking-room, the furniture of which is of the Sheraton type, in rich warm mahogany with satin-wood inlay. Below the smoking-room, on a half basement, will be found the well-appointed billiard-room. Returning to the main floor and recrossing the lounge or hall, we approach the large public dining-room, which again commands views over lawn and sea. The public drawing-room and ball-room adjoins the dining-room, and is a most charming and delightful apartment. Besides the public rooms there are on the various floors numerous sets of sitting-rooms and bed-rooms, which have been so cleverly planned as to form suites of varying size according to the requirements of the families to be accommodated, while there are some two hundred bed-rooms and dressing-rooms of different sizes, as also a splendid supply of bath-rooms. In furnishing the more private and family part of the hotel, the contractors, Maple and Co., have given each room individual thought and consideration, so that every room has its own distinctive characteristics and home-like aspect. The bedding is of Maple's own manufacture, and this company are world-famed for their restful productions.

The working man may look forward to better and cheaper meals in the near future owing to the energy of Sir Thomas J. Lipton, who has placed in the hands of the Princess of Wales a sum of £100,000 to build spacious dining-rooms for the working classes of London. These institutions will be twenty-five in number, and will be situated at convenient points of the Metropolis. It is proposed to supply meals at cost price, charges to range from 1½d. upwards. Exemption from rent will, it is believed, render this nominal charge possible. The first dining-room will probably be opened in Tottenham Court Road, and will hold one thousand persons. The scheme is to be known as the "Alexandra Trust," the head of the body of trustees being the Princess of Wales. It is understood that Sir Thomas Lipton's cheque will cover the initial expense of acquiring buildings and starting the rooms. The aim is, however, to make the establishments self-supporting.

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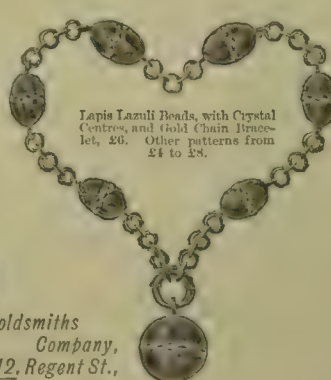
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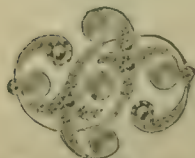
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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PIANOFORTE.

The reproach to the English of being an unmusical nation probably will never be removed, and, indeed, there undoubtedly are some grounds for it; as a matter of fact, however, it would not be difficult to find grounds for making a *prima facie* case of the same character against all other nations. It is the more remarkable, then, that we, working for our own markets, should have done more than any other people towards rendering perfect the most important and perhaps the most complex of musical instruments. For the pianoforte certainly is the microcosm of the realms of music, and gives greater service to Apollo than that of all the other instruments. Perhaps we cannot boast the inventor as a child of these islands, since the claim of Father Wood does not stand on so sure a basis as that of Bartolomeo Cristofori or Cristofali, of Padua, who by the year 1711 had made two or three piano a fortes, or that of Christoph Gottlieb Schröter, of Hohenstein, and even perhaps that of Marius, a Frenchman.

So to Italy, Germany, or France must the concession be made. However, between the piano a forte of Cristofori and such a superb instrument as a concert piano by John Brinsmead and Sons there is such a difference as between an old firelock gun and a Lee-Metford, between the famous Mons Meg and the earthquake-throwers of the *Yacuas* which have terrified the people of Santiago. One may pass by the history of early struggles with sounding-board, action, and frame, and come to the reign of the Sailor-King, when John Brinsmead, the still living "grand old man" of the piano-making world, founded the works which now produce one of the few things of the earth that may be called perfect. For it is difficult to say that such an instrument as a Brinsmead 1898 is not perfect practically as well as theoretically. That there should be anything perfect on earth is an assertion contrary to general opinion, and yet one has but to refer to the history of the violin to see that perfection is possible in musical instruments. It must be borne in mind that some of the many efforts made to improve the pianoforte, though they have produced strange and pleasing results, have had the great fault of tampering with its essential character. What we want is an instrument capable of presenting perfectly the prodigious mass of gorgeous music written for the king of instruments, and not one useful for other purposes.



MESSRS. BRINSMEAD'S PREMISES IN WIGMORE STREET.

In considering the history of the progress of the piano a factor must be taken into account favourably which at one time threatened disaster. Aided by our system of free trade, there came an invasion of cheap German pianos, which seemed likely to swamp our manufacturers, and also to deteriorate the ears of our citizens. Some English makers met the competition by acting on the idea involved in the French phrase *à valeur, valeur et dent*, and making shoddy instruments, endeavoured to undersell those who have been called cruelly the Chinese of Europe. The Brinsmeads were wiser, and having confidence in the good sense of our people and the instinctive repugnance of its well-to-do children to things which are sold as dirt cheap and are but cheap dirt determined not to make their

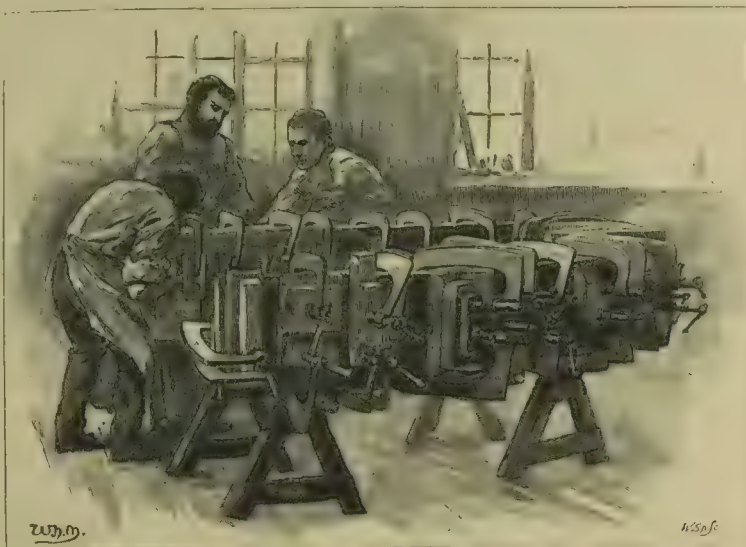
prices lower, but to make their quality higher. The consequence was an almost feverish eagerness for improvement, a prodigious activity of research, a lavish encouragement of the inventor, and a nearly hypercritical scrupulousness as to the material employed. Consequently, the outcome of the invasion has been an immense and

fact to its credit that not one has split. Of no other can this be asserted. The mechanism for giving the string the blow which differentiates the invention of Cristofori from the great group of plucked string instruments that preceded it, has from the first been a central feature of the piano. Composers, reckless of difficulties, have put

such a strain upon rapidity of execution that for years the inventor lagged behind, unable to cause his hammers to move forward and back again fast enough. There has been something like the contest between gun and armour—between bat and ball; but now the inventor has triumphed, and a more perfect action than the Brinsmead check repeater would be useless, since the fingers of human beings could not take advantage of it.

After all, in dealing with the development of such a popular instrument it is hardly needful to speak of the many details of construction which require that the true maker should have a full knowledge of the puzzling science of acoustics, must be an expert as regards timber and also metal, which has ousted wood from many parts of the instrument, must have the artistic instinct finely developed, so that the eye may be appealed to as well as the ear, and must have made a thorough study of mechanics. The piano is fortunate in that it stands aside from the path of utilitarian progress now encumbered by thousands striving for perfection in arts and sciences, which in too many cases will bring but little of value to the world at large. It has reached its full development. A scheme such as that put forward by Saint-Saëns in his interesting

work of fifteen years ago, "*Harmonies et Mélodies*" for the employment of quarter-tones in music might cause the instrument of Cristofori and Brinsmead once more to require modification; but the prophecies of the great French composer as to this tendency towards the over-nice music of the Orientals seem ill-founded; at present there are no signs of their fulfilment. Makers in search of novelties that may give vogue to instruments unable to hold their own by mere quality will make a



CLAMPING GRAND PIANO CASE.

rapid improvement, fully recognised by the special appointment of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons to the post of manufacturers to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and his Majesty the King of Italy, to his Majesty the King of Portugal and his Majesty the King of Bavaria, and by their winning the supreme recompense of the Legion of Honour and also no less than fifty-three gold medals and similar testimonials of excellence in the great Exhibitions of the world, the last consisting of two special first diplomas, two first orders of merit, and four gold medals (in different classes) at the Australian International Exhibition of last year. Possibly to the average man one piano looks, and for a little while may sound, so much like another that the fact that there can be great differences of quality is amazing, and, indeed, it may be observed that even at the house in Wigmore Street the cost of an upright piano beyond the first hundred guineas is not so much in quality as an instrument, but in beauty as an ornament. One fact alone will be sufficient to show how the difference arises. It is possible to season timber artificially, so that it may be worked, and will even stand, for a little time. I find it is possible even to use half-seasoned timber, but in either case the result is disastrous to instruments made of such stuff. In order to deal with this question of wood, Brinsmeads keep a stock of no less than four hundred tons of choice selected timber stacked on the roof of the great factory at Kentish Town; and this timber, according to its character, is kept maturing for a period of from three to five and even eight years, each portion when taken into use being replaced. It need hardly be said that the interest on this stock is a formidable item in the cost of making the piano, and one which the "cheap" maker is forced to avoid. No wonder is it, then, that under the very heavy strain put on the modern piano—the string-pressure of which reaches from fourteen to twenty-five tons—the so-called cheap instrument quickly degenerates into a mere tinkle-box of inexact, unpleasing sounds. It may be added that much of the store of 750,000 feet of timber is very costly. For instance, the American walnut, now a very popular wood for pianos, is worth over tenpence per foot.

However, although the employment of the finest materials obtainable for money is a matter of great importance in the manufacture of the wonderful instrument of pain and pleasure, there are still weightier matters that have assisted in winning for the Brinsmead pianos the admiration of a Bachmann for the "truly matchless pianos of the most perfect kind," the praise of a Rubinstein, a Kuhlé, a Stainer, a Macfarren, a Sgambati, a Gevaert, a Saint-Saëns, and others of the elect in the musical world. For the inventor has been busy on behalf of the house, which now owns and uses patents of great value for sounding-board, action, frame, and stringing and tuning apparatus. The perfect wrest-plank, of which over thirty thousand are now in use, is employed almost exclusively by them because of its cost, and it has this



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noise about inventions which if successful would bring no gain to real music. In the meantime, the handsome house in Wigmore Street can show its constantly shifting rows of superb instruments made for home, for the Colonies, for foreign lands, and for the great floating palaces that throng the seas, and made according to the grand traditions of true conscientious workmanship which rendered our country manufacturers for the world. We may well be proud that in what some regard as degenerate days we can produce anything so perfect as a Brinsmead grand pianoforte.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 16, 1876), with two codicils (dated Sept. 8, 1882, and July 1, 1891), of Mr. Samuel Walker, of Petersham House, Petersham, Surrey, who died on April 4, was proved on July 23 by Edward Dillon Mansfield, John Maude, and Mrs. Lætitia Rachel Warde, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £410,686. The testator bequeaths £1000, his Three and a Half per Cent. Bonds of the Corporation of London, and his household furniture, plate, pictures, carriages and horses to his daughter Mrs. Warde; an annuity of £500 to his sister Ellen Walker; £200 each to his cousin Emily Freer and Edward Dillon Mansfield; £100 each to the unmarried daughters of his sisters-in-law, Emily Mansfield and Augusta Childers; £200 to his niece Katharine Rose Mansfield; £100 each to his executors; and legacies to servants. He devises Petersham House, and his lands and premises at Cold Ashby, Northamptonshire, and at Bulphan, Essex, to his daughter. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter for life, and then as she shall appoint to her children.

The will (dated Feb. 24, 1888) of General Charles Crutchley, of Sunninghill Park, Berks, who died on March 30, was proved on July 29 by Percy Edward Crutchley, the son, one of the executors, the gross value of the estate being £190,135, and the net personal £64,559. The testator gives £1500, and an annuity of £1000 to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Bayfield Crutchley; £5000 each to the

trustees of the marriage settlements of his daughters, Mrs. Helen Hamilton and Mrs. Alice Mary Gibbs; £10,000 each to his daughters Julia and Caroline; £15,000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his son Charles; a conditional annuity of £300 for providing a home for his wife and unmarried daughters; £100 each to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Amelia A. Griffin, and Colonel George A. Peard, and an annuity of £30 to his former housemaid, Mary Smith. He settles his real estate on his son Percy Edward Crutchley, and leaves him the residue of his personal estate.

The will (dated Oct. 28, 1892), with three codicils (dated Nov. 15, 1892; Aug. 8, 1894; and Jan. 8, 1895), of Mr. John Paget, of 28, The Boltons, South Kensington, who died on May 28, was proved on July 25 by Miss Elizabeth Anne Paget and Miss Mary Rosalind Paget, the daughters, and William Gair Rathbone, the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £81,781. The testator gives his leasehold house, 28, The Boltons, with the household furniture and effects therein, £1500, and an annuity of £550 to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Paget; £500 to William Gair Rathbone; £1032 10s. to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Edith Frances Nugent Paget; £200 and 25 guineas each to his grandchildren; £200 to Mrs. Sarah Johnson; £100 each to Anna Clare Worthington, Mrs. Beatrice Cope, and Mrs. Mabel Pryor; and other legacies to friends and servants. He gives and devises all his freehold and leasehold property, upon trust, for his wife; and the residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his two daughters.

Mr. Paget desired that his funeral should be simple, and any sum that his executors could save out of the £100 allotted to pay the cost, he gave to University College Hospital.

The will (dated Sept. 20, 1892) of Mrs. Mary Anne Perrins Perrins, of 23, Hyde Park Place, widow, who died on May 28, was proved on July 6 by Edward Gibbons Mullins and John Waller, the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £59,649. The testatrix bequeaths £500 each to the Cancer Hospital (Fulham), St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington), the Middlesex Hospital, the London Hospital (Whitechapel Road), the Royal Free Hospital (Gray's Inn Road), King's College Hospital, University College Hospital, the Brompton Consumption Hospital, and the Seamen's Hospital (Greenwich); £250 each to Charing Cross Hospital, the fund attached to the Brompton Consumption Hospital for the benefit of patients on leaving, the Ventnor Consumption Hospital, the Fever Hospital (Liverpool Road), the Paddington Green Children's Hospital, the East London Hospital for Children (Shadwell), the North Eastern Hospital for Children (Hackney Road), the Royal Normal College for the Blind (Norwood), and the National Life-boat Institution; £150 each to the Great Northern Hospital (Holloway Road), Westminster Hospital, the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic (Queen Square), the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution (Sackville Street), the Seaford Convalescent Institution, the Royal Hospital for

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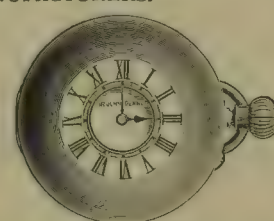
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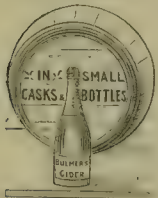
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Incurables (Putney), the British Home for Incurables (Clapham), the National Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children (Shaftesbury Avenue), and the Sailors' Home (Wells Street, London Docks); £100 each to the West London Hospital (Hammersmith), Poplar Hospital (East India Dock Road), the fund attached to the Ventnor Consumption Hospital for the benefit of patients on leaving, the North London Consumption Hospital, the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest (City Road), the Solo Hospital for Women, the Chelsea Hospital for Women, the new Hospital for Women (Marylebone Road), the Royal Sea-Bathing Infirmary (Margate), Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital (Marylebone Road), the General Lying-in Hospital (York Road, Lambeth), St. Peter's Hospital for Stone, the Earlwood Idiot Asylum, the Reformatory and Refuge Union, and the House of Charity, Greek Street, Soho; and £50 each to St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin and the St. Marylebone Home for Incurables (Marylebone Road). She also gives £200 and securities bringing in £500 per annum, upon trust, for her niece Margaret Emily Bass, for life, and then to her children; £200 and securities bringing in £200 per annum each to her nephews, James Bass and her niece Susan Bass, for their respective lives, and then to their children; and £50 each to her executors. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her niece Margaret Emily Bass.

The will (dated Jan. 21, 1893), with a codicil (dated Jan. 21, 1897), of Mr. Richard Ernest Horn, of 42, Park Lane, who died on April 21, was proved on July 26 by Thomas Lawrence Read, George Davey Stibbard, and Arthur Stopford Francis, the executors, the value of the estate being £50,876. The testator gives £100 each to his

executors; £500 to his goddaughter, Beatrice Rivett-Carnae; a conditional legacy of £1000 to Henry Fisher; £100 to his godson, ——— Darling; £500, and an annuity of £200, to Amy Shearman; and an annuity of £120 to Jane Cecile Stutter. The residue of his property he leaves as to two thirds to his two sisters Frances Laura Horn and Elizabeth Lambton Horn, and the remaining one third is to be held, upon trust, for Mrs. Mary Louisa Caroline Garnett for life, then upon further trust for her husband, Colonel Albert Peel Garnett, and then to their son Aubrey and his children.

The will (dated March 19, 1896) of Captain Arthur Charles Pretymann, J.P., of Haughley Park, Stowmarket, Suffolk, who died on June 21, was proved on July 27 by Mrs. Mary Pretymann, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £34,712. The testator gives his gold watch and chain to his daughter Agnes Mary; and, subject thereto, leaves all his property to his wife.

The will (dated Dec. 18, 1889) of the Rev. Sir Valentine Knightley, J.P., of Preston Capes, Daventry, Northampton, who died on April 28, was proved on July 29 by Sir Charles Valentine Knightley and the Rev. Henry Francis Knightley, the nephews and executors, the value of the estate being £16,533. The testator bequeaths £500 to his niece Selina Mary Martins; and the income, for life, of £3000 to his sister-in-law, Mary Maria Knightley. The residue of his property he leaves as to one third thereof to his niece Selina Mary Mills, and one third each, upon trust, for his nieces, Jane Edith Knightley and Beryl Stopford Hickman, for life, and then to their respective children.

The will (dated March 14, 1894) of Mr. Henry Robert Poole, D.L., J.P., of Ithinwedda, Beaumaris, Anglesey,

who died on May 20, was proved on July 23 by Thomas William Roberts and James George Roberts, the executors, the value of the estate being £19,689. The testator devises all his manors, lands, farms and premises to his sister Louisa Ellen Poole, for life, with remainder to his sister Margaret Mary Furness Risk, for her life, with remainder to his brother Llewelyn Pantun Poole, for life, and then to his nephew Thomas William Roberts in fee simple. All his plate is to devolve as heirlooms and follow the like trusts. He bequeaths £3000 to his sister Louisa Ellen Poole; £2000 to his sister Margaret Mary Furness Risk; £1500 to his brother Llewelyn Pantun Poole; £200 each to his executors; and legacies to his nephews, nieces, and servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his sister Louisa.

ECCELESIASTICAL NOTES.

Father Ignatius has accepted priest's orders at the hands of Archbishop Mar Timotheus, belonging to the Patriarchate of Antioch. It is stated that the Archbishop Mar Timotheus was known as Dr. Vilatte in America, and was formerly a Presbyterian minister, and later a convert to Episcopalianism. Under a Bull from Peter Ignatius III., Patriarch of Antioch, Père Vilatte was consecrated in the old Portuguese Cathedral at Goa in 1892 by three Bishops of the Christians of Goa who had refused to accept the subjection of their Church to the Roman Propaganda. Father Ignatius had patiently waited for priest's orders for thirty-eight years, and his monastery has often been for months without Holy Communion.

The wisdom of this step is doubted by some of the friends of Father Ignatius. One paper says: "If we

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understand Father Ignatius aright, this means that the Old Catholic body is to be formed in our midst, whose work it shall be to protest not against governmental arrogance, but against latitudinarian indifference; or, in other words, the Church of England has become, in the eyes of Father Ignatius, apostate, and the faithful must flee from her."

The action of Mr. Welldon in accepting the Bishopric of Calcutta is very properly regarded as a great instance of self-sacrifice and devotion. The income of the Bishopric is much less than that which Mr. Welldon at present enjoys, and there is little doubt he would have been the next Evangelical Bishop in the Church of England. He has distinguished himself by his catholicity. When Head Master of Dulwich he frequently attended Mr. Spurgeon's ministry and bore testimony to his power, and he is on the most cordial terms with Dr. Parker.

One of the most promising scholars in the Church of England, the Rev. H. A. Whitte, theological tutor of Durham University, has died at Marburg, Germany,

of pneumonia, at the early age of thirty-three. Mr. White had devoted himself specially to the study of the Latin versions, on which, next to Bishop Wordsworth, he was the chief authority in this country.

It is pointed out that the Community of Little Gidding was a family community, and the greatest honour was always paid to the counsels of its married members. Of the sisters Collett, Mary and Ann married single by their own desire; the other six were all married. Little Gidding was, therefore, not so much a brotherhood as a community which exemplified the possibility of sanctity in family life.

It is intended by Mr. Kensit's party to visit every Ritualistic church on the first Sunday in November and read a protest against the practices therein carried on. Action will be postponed till the service has been concluded.

That difficult and important problem, which nearly everybody has nowadays to face—the choice of a cycle—is greatly simplified by a good catalogue. A particularly

dainty and attractive little book comes to us from the Elswick Cycles Company, Newcastle-on-Tyne, containing capital illustrated letterpress for the guidance of the intending purchaser. The Elswick Company's cycles are remarkable for the "barrel hub and bracket" and the "truss frame," an improved system of bearings and frame whereby a minimum of friction with a maximum of reliability is attained. This company's machine has won three championships of England, four of Scotland, and many Continental ones. At exhibitions it has secured the highest awards. The hubs have the special advantage of being dustproof and waterproof. Little lubricating is necessary, as the balls are always running in a bath of oil. The Elswick lady's cycle is a beautiful model, specially designed to enable riders of any height to maintain a perfectly upright position in the saddle. For rigidity and lightness the truss frame cannot be excelled. The strain of hill-climbing is admirably resisted. London buyers will be glad to know that they can purchase the Elswick cycles from the Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, or from Benetfink and Co.

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